THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LX[illegible] No 8 — E. J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. $1.50 per year in advance

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, JANUARY 15th, 1929.

Historical Society

Every tiny leaf is a storehouse of flavour

"SALADA"

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

DECORATING

Interior and Exterior Decorating, Paper Hanging and Graining.

FRED RUSSELL

'Phone 406. East Street.

Surveying and Engineering

T. H. WIGGINS, O.L.S.

Ontario Land Surveyor.
Municipal Engineering.
Drainage Engineering.
Subdivisions, Plans, Etc.

NAPANEE, ONT.

John Street.

South of Pedlars House.

Phone 385. Box 139.

15tf

INSURANCE

For Fire Insurance try
ALFRED McCUTCHEON,
Robtin.

A number of compaines to choose from.

Office:
Residence, Roblin, Main Street.

27-tf

PAEONIES, IRIS AND PHLOX

for Fall planting. Catalogue and prices on request.

The Belleville Nurseries, 179 Dundas St. East, Belleville Ont.

42-tf

Insurance!

Fire. Accident. Auto. Life.

Frank Smith & Son

Oddfellows' Block

Successors to A. T. Turnbull

26-tf

DOXSEE & CO.

January Clearance Sale

Commencing Thursday

on

Millinery, Hosiery, Lingerie, Scarfs, Etc.

20 Hats in felt and velvet, regular $3.00 to $5.50, special values.
.....Special Values $1.00

Ladies' Silk Bloomers, regular $1.50 and $2.00. Sale Price $1.00

Silk Brassieres, regular 90c. each, on sale.....2 for $1.00

Ladies' Silk and Wool Stockings, regular $1.25 pair, special values.
.....2 pairs $1.00

Bie-Tex Hosiery, tan, black, regular $2.00 pair, sale price $1.00

Special Prices on all Silk Underwear, to clear.

We sell Kotex at 49c.

The Leading Millinery House

Overcoat Bargains

See our boys' warm winter Overcoats at

$5.95, $7.95 and $8.95

Men's and Young Men's Blue Overcoats at

$14.50, $17.50, $20. and $22

Clearing out all our Colored Overcoats at Money Saving Prices.

50 Coats are offered at 1/3 less regular prices.

W.W.ADAMS

Merchant Tailor.

Newburgh, - Ont.

FOR SALE—Blundall piane (upright). This instrument is in perfect condition. Delivered to your house and tuned, $150.
DON SCOTT. 3

FOR SALE OR TO RENT—Brick house, garage and three acres of land on highway, half mile west of Napanee. Apply J. R. SMITH, Phone 66. 48

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont 6-tf

THE MRS. ALEX. MILLS FARM, 50 acres. Splendid location on Kingston highway. Good brick house, and good land. JNO. WILSON. 6

FOR SALE—House, barn and 2½ lots, formerly the late David Kelly residence, Union St. Apply at Henry Fitzpatrick's, Union St., or GEO. WHEELER, Simcoe St. 7-bp

FOR SALE—Valuable property, corner Dundas and West Sts., the residence of the late Mrs. John Lowry, together with the adjoining house on the south. Property will be sold separately or together. This property must be sold at once to wind up the estate. Apply to E. J. POLLARD, Executor.

FOR SALE—House and lot in the Village of Bath, north half lot one, west of First street, known as the residence of the late John Forester. For particulars apply to T. B. German, Napanee, Ont.; R. J. Allison, Adolphustown, Ont.; or Margaret Forester, Niagara Falls, Ontario. 8-tf

FOR SALE—A very choice farm, at reasonable price, fifty-seven acres about one mile south of the White church, formerly known as the old Charles Kaylor farm. Good buildings, good wells and a never failing spring. Buildings front on road south of said church, and farm also borders on highway, with good lane opening on the highway. All choice land. Apply to T. B. GERMAN, Barrister Napanee, Ont., or to MRS. JAMES CURRAN, Napanee, R. R. R. 4. 33-tf

ANNUAL MEETING

The annual meeting of the Selby Cheese Factory will be held at Selby Town Hall, on TUESDAY, JANUARY 22nd, at 1.30 p.m. for the transaction of general business, and election of officers.

H. ALLAN WOOD,
8-ap Secretary.

To the Electors of Richmond.

Unable to meet my many friends and supporters who were responsible for the large vote polled for me on Monday, 7th, I desire to take this opportunity of expressing my thanks and appreciation.

Wishing you all a Prosperous New Year, I remain,

Yours sincerely,
A. S. HUGHSON.

NOTICE OF MEETING

THE COUNTY COUNCIL

of Lennox and Addington, pursuant to Statute, will meet at the Council Chamber, in the Court House, NAPANEE, on

TUESDAY, JANUARY 22nd, 1929 at 2 p.m.

All accounts must be in the hands of the undersigned not later than Wednesday, Jan. 23rd, in order that they may be considered.

W. G. WILSON,
County Clerk.

Dated January 8th, 1929. 7-b

McGreer's Phone 226

Cash and Service

Grocery

Dundas St. Napanee

Where Prices Tell And Quality Sells

Special Value
TEAS and COFFEE

W. ROY McGREER

COLLEGIATE NEWS

ANNUAL COLLEGIATE CONCERT

The annual concert which has been postponed twice, will be held in the Collegiate Gymnasium and Assembly Room on Thursday and Friday evenings of this week, at eight o'clock. The program in the gymnasium will consist of calisthenics, dances, Indian club swinging and apparatus work. In the Assembly room the musical part of the program will be presented by the orchestra and the glee club, while the dramatic club will present "The Pound of Flesh" selected from the play, "The Merchant of Venice."

BASKETBALL

On Friday evening last the local Collegiate boys were defeated in their opening basketball game by Albert College. The score, which was 15-9, is a fair indication of the class of basketball played, and which made the game a very uninteresting one to the spectators. The visitors adopted a defensive style of play which proved invincible to the Napanee boys, and resulted very unevenly matched in weight and height, and while the Napanee defense did excellent work, the forwards were unable to work the ball through the opposing defense who were taller and heavier. The Albert boys, or the boys of the school to turn out for basketball has weakened the chances of the Napanee team against heavier opponents. The line-up for Napanee was:

Guards—Asselstine and McFadden.

Centre—Kinkley.

Forwards—Robinson and Merritt.

Subs—Deane, Herrington, Oliver and Vick.

Referee—W. J. Barley.

CORRECTION OF REPORTS

Owing to an error in the entry of marks, Harry Robinson, 3B, should have been recorded in 8th place in his form.

ANNUAL MEETING

The annual meeting of the lot owners of the Napanee Cemetery "riverside" will be held in the Council Chamber, Town of Napanee, on WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30th, 1929, at 2 p.m., to receive the auditors' report, and other business.

E. J. WALTERS, President.
W. H. DUNBAR, Secretary.
8-b

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Persons having claims against the estate of Alvena Harman, late of the township of Camden, in the County of Lennox and Addington, widow, deceased, are required to send their claims or proofs thereof to the undersigned solicitor for said estate, before the NINTH DAY OF FEBRUARY, A.D., 1929, after which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entitled thereto, pursuant to the provisions of section 56 of Chapter 150, R. S. O., 1927.

U. M. WILSON, K.C.,
Solicitor for said Estate.
Dated January 10, 1929. 8-d

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Persons having claims against the estate of George Whittington, late of the Town of Napanee, in the County of Lennox and Addington, deceased, are required to send particulars and proofs thereof to the undersigned solicitor for said estate, before the ELEVENTH DAY OF FEBRUARY, A.D., 1929, after which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which notice shall have been given as required by the undersigned solicitor at the time of such distribution.

T. B. GERMAN,
Solicitor for the Estate
Dated this 11th day of January, 1929. 8-d

TENDERS WANTED.

For purchase of buttermilk at Belleville Creameries, Limited, Napanee branch. Tender to be in cents for each one hundred pounds of buttermilk. Successful tenderer to take delivery of buttermilk daily at the creamery. Tender in writing addressing same to Belleville Creameries, Limited, Box 59, Belleville. 6-c

Such Is Fame.

An amusing story is going around concerning the British Prime Minister.

While travelling in the south of France some time ago he met a man with whom he had been at Cambridge. The former introduced himself as "Baldwin."

"Baldwin? Baldwin . . . Let me see," the other pondered. Then suddenly his face lit up.

"Oh, yes, of course. I remember you now. Stanley Baldwin, wasn't it? We used to call you 'Oh, Stanley,' you know, because you were so energetic. And all he you have got on."

Then, seeing a somewhat surprised look on the face of the Prime Minister, he added interrogatively:

"But tell me—you don't mind my asking, do you —what are you doing now?"

Wallace's Drug Store, Headquarters for Yardley's Old English Lavender. Single articles, such as shaving bowl, bath salts and compacts, also beautiful sets in suitable Christmas packages, at prices from 75c. to $12.00. A most magnificent display at Wallace's.

INAUGURAL MEETING OF TOWN COUNCIL

The inaugural meeting of the 1929 Town Council took place in the Council Chamber, in the Town Hall, at 11 o'clock on Monday morning.

All the newly elected members were present and duly subscribed to their several declarations of office.

Mayor W. M. Howitt presided.

On motion the council went into committee of the whole for the purpose of appointing the several Standing Committees.

Following are the Standing Committees for the year:

Finance—J. G. Daly, chairman; G. W. Paul, C. A. Wiseman.

Streets—E. J. Ungar, chairman; G. Tustin, J. G. Daly.

Fire and Water—C. N. Loucks, chairman; E. O. Ungar, J. H. Fitzpatrick.

Printing and By-Laws—G. W. Paul, chairman; J. H. Fitzpatrick, G. Tustin.

Town Properly—C. A. Wiseman, chairman; J. G. Daly, C. N. Loucks.

Market and Police—G. Tustin, chairman; C. A. Wiseman, G. W. Paul.

Light and Social Welfare—J. H. Fitzpatrick, chairman; C. N. Loucks, E. O. Ungar.

The council then adjourned until 7.30 p.m.

Council met as per adjournment, Mayor Howitt presiding.

Present—Reeve Tustin, and Councillors Daly, Paul, Wiseman, Fitzpatrick, Loucks, Ungar.

Rev. A. J. Wilson opened the session with prayer.

Mayor Howitt read his inaugural address, which is printed in full in a separate position in this issue.

On motion of Reeve Tustin and Coun. Fitzpatrick, the mayor's address was ordered received and filed.

COMMUNICATIONNS

From the Ontario Municipal Association re bills to appear before the Legislature, and membership fees. Filed.

From Satin Finish Hardwood Flooring Company, Weston, re broadcasting a Napanee program on the evening of January 23rd, from 10 to 11 p.m.

On motion the Mayor and Finance Committee were authorized to make all arrangements, with power to act.

From W. J. McCoy & Co. asking to be appointed auditors, filed.

From Ontario Good Roads Association asking for membership fee. Filed.

Two applications for the position of caretaker of the Disposal Works were laid on the table.

On motion Wm. Marcle, caretaker in 1928, was re-appointed to the position at the same salary as last year.

Mr. A. McGregor applied for the position of auditor. A similar application was presented by W. H. Dunbar. Laid on the table until introduction of by-laws.

The by-law making the interim appropriations was put through its various stages and finally passed, making appropriations as follows: Streets $4000, Fire and Water $1700, Light and Social Welfare $500, Printing and By-Laws and Parks $800, Town Property $1000, Police and Market $1200, Contingent $1500.

A by-law to appoint a solicitor for the town of Napanee was introduced, put through its various stages and finally passed, appointing W. S. Herrington, K.C., town solicitor.

A by-law appointing Mayor W. Howitt, Reeve Tustin, and the Councillors Daly, Paul and Wiseman, members of the Court of Revision, was passed.

A by-law fixing the assessment for 1929 by adopting the assessment made in 1928, was passed.

A by-law appointing Dr. D. R. Hall a member of the Board of Health, was introduced and passed.

A by-law appointeing Albert E. Cook as Sanitary Inspector was introduced and passed.

A by-law appointing W. S. Wilson and W. H. Roe as auditors for the town for 1929, was passed.

A by-law authorizing the borrowing of certain sums from the Canadian Bank of Commerce was introduced and passed. The amount to be borrowed as required is $60,000.

Moved by Reeve Tustin, seconded by Coun. Fitzpatrick, that the merchants be requested to close their business places during the funeral of the late Geo. Gibbard, and that a letter of condolence from the council be forwarded to the family. The council, as a body, will attend the funeral in Grace Church.

On motion all cheques issued by the town shall be signed by the treasurer, excepting that all cheques over $1000 shall be countersigned by the Mayor or chairman of Finance Committee.

ACCOUNTS

The following accounts were ordered paid:

Denison Bros.	$ 18.25
Denison Bros.	54.79
Scrimshaw & Son	29.53
Thompson Bros.	20.60
Thompson Bros.	50
Thompson Bros.	50
E. J. Pollard	142.98
Madole Hardware	14.30
Geo. Greer	44.00
J. G. Fennell	47.20
C. I. Maybee	37.75
Napanee Fuel & Supply Co.	50.25
Napanee Fuel & Supply Co.	16.25
Chas. Stevens	4.00
Gibbard Retail	3.50
G. H. Wood & Co.	19.70
J. L. Boyes & Son	106.50
A. L. Dafoe	42.12

Two accounts from Wallace's Drug Store, $1.10 and $16.65 were referred to the Finance Committee.

The usual Hydro Commission and Bell Telephone accounts were referred to the Clerk with power to act.

Mr. W. Davis addressed the council on behalf of several unemployed returned men, asking that they be given work if possible.

If you want results use the Classified Adv. Column in The Napanee Express.

MAYOR HOWITT'S ADDRESS

The following is a copy of the the address presented by Mayor at the meeting of the Town Council on Monday evening:

Napanee, Ontario,
January 14th, 1929.

Gentlemen:

Following the custom of predecessors as Mayor of the Town of Napanee, I wish to present to you, at this, the first meeting of the Council, some observations in respect to the trust that the ratepayers have seen fit to put in our hands for the year 1929.

In the first place, I wish to congratulate you upon your election and the seal of confidence the ratepayers have, by their votes, placed upon you in asking you to manage the affairs of the Municipality for the coming year. The task we are about to undertake should be taken seriously and earnestly and I am quite sure if we, throughout the year, regard ourselves as Trustees for our citizens we will properly acquit ourselves and, at the end of the year, be ready to transfer to our successors in office the affairs of the town with a consciousness of public service efficiently and economically performed.

The several Standing Committees have, I believe, been well chosen and I would suggest that each committee do at once meet and acquire a knowledge of the specific duties devolving upon each of you respectively having regard not only as to the work done in previous years, but also in respect to the work that must be done this year. I would also impress upon you that as our tax rate is high, and as a goodly amount of our expenditures are fixed and, we must not lightly undertake any work involving large expenditures without most careful consideration and especially I would point out to the Streets and Town Property Committees that you must cut your expenditures to the minimum if we are to finance the year at a reasonable mill rate.

Few towns of our population are so well kept and presentable as Napanee and we must keep it sanitary and wholesome but for that next three or four years, at the end of which time, some of our debentures will have been paid off, we must not lightly undertake any further improvements entailing large expenditures.

Our town hall has been made a credit to us and our permanent pavements are a satisfaction but should also be a perpetual invitation to the surrounding country and to tourists to visit us and patronize our well equipped stores and factories.

Our parks are well laid out, well distributed and should, by small expenditures on the Wallace Park and Springside Park, should not require this year any substantial outlay.

You must bear in mind also that we are starting this year with a very considerable overdraft. This was caused by an unexpected expenditure to properly complete the town hall. There are also some unsettled financial matters with the County which, I trust, the Reeve will be able to equitably adjust with the assistance of the Finance Committee.

In conclusion, I would admonish you to study carefully our rules of procedure so that our meeting may be conducted quickly, harmoniously and in a businesslike manner.

Yours, etc.,
WM. M. HOWITT.
Mayor.

DESERONTO ROAD

Election turned out to be a rough, stormy, disagreeable affair in spite of weather conditions, the vote polled in Richmond was a fair one. Mr. W. R. Kimmerly, a new candidate for the reeveship, got little known in the north part of the township, had a good showing to his credit. Mr. Kimmerly, who moved from Flinton a few years ago, now resides on the old homestead on the Provincial highway, some four miles west of Napanee, with his brother Mendel Kimmerly.

Mr. Tom Madole is under the doctor's care, having fallen while cutting wood and hurt his side, resulting in pleurisy, but is at the present time as well as could be expected.

"The Associated Quality Canners" of Deseronto, have opened their stack of corn husks and the farmers are hauling loads away for their stock, especially the new milkers.

Mr. Robert Bowen, an aged resident of this road for years, has been confined to his bed for some time owing to a severe attack of flu or grippe. We are glad to hear he is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Cranston, also Mr. Chas. McGreer, who have been on the sick list, we are glad to state are slowly improving.

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GEORGE W. GIBBARD ASPHYXIATED

DIES IN HIS GARAGE WHEN ABOUT TO TAKE OUT HIS CAR

Death came with startling suddenness to George W. Gibbard, Napanee's most prominent manufacturer, on Saturday morning.

Mr. Gibbard left his office about eleven o'clock to get his car out of the garage, which is close by the factory office, intending to go to Kingston.

About one hour afterwards his wife telephoned to ask whether he was coming home for lunch before leaving. Mr. Tom Moffat was sent from the office to see if the car had been taken from the garage, and discovered Mr. Gibbard lying on the floor behind the car. He had evidently been in the act of opening the garage doors when he was suddenly stricken. The engine of the car was running and had evidently been running some considerable time, as the engine was very hot. Medical assistance was immediately summoned, as was also the first aid squad of the Hydro Electric staff, and all efforts were made to revive the stricken man, but without avail, as Mr. Gibbard had been dead for some time.

When the sad news of his sudden demise spread through the town sincere regret was heard on all sides over the great loss which the community had sustained in the loss, not only of one of the most prominent business men, but also its foremost benefactor, whose purse was always open to further every work which would benefit the citizens of Napanee, either young or old.

George Gibbard, who was the third Gibbard to control the Gibbard Furniture Shops, entered the business at any early age, and a few years later assumed the full management when his father, the late W. T. Gibbard, had acquired considerable interests in Western Canada.

Under his able management the business has prospered amazingly and Gibbard's solid walnut and mahogany and oak furniture, by judicious advertising, has become known from coast to coast. Since the business came under Mr. Geo. Gibbard's management the factory has been steadily enlarged, and the capacity for production enormously increased, and a steadily increasing staff of workmen employed, which now numbers 140 to 150 men.

The Gibbard family have always been prominent in church circles, Grace United Church looses one of its most active and staunch supporters. For some years he was superintendent of the Sunday School, and has been one of the teachers for years; also a member of the Official Board and the Board of Governors of Albert College.

Mr. Gibbard was greatly interested in the formation of the Rotary Club, and had the honour of being elected its first president.

He was also a member of Union Lodge A. F. & A. M., Court Lennox C. O. F.

Mr. Gibbard was a member of the Board of Education, being always elected by acclamation.

Besides his grief stricken widow he leaves to mourn his loss one son, Mr. Ernest Gibbard, who is attending Toronto University, and three daughters, Misses Mary, Betty, and Jean. Three sisters, Mrs. P. C. Laidley, Napanee; Mrs. Robertson, Preston; and Mrs. Cryderman, Calgary, also remain.

The funeral took place Tuesday afternoon from his beautiful new residence on Piety Hill. A private service was held at the home and a public service in Grace United Church at 2 p.m. The employees of the factory, the members of the Town Council and the Rotary Club and the Board of Education and the fraternal societies all attending in a body.

TAMWORTH

It has turned very cold.

The School Board held its election in the town hall with the following results: Chas. Hannah 147, Dr. F. Neilson 117, Dr. F. O'Connor 114, G. H. Richardson 48.

Mr. J. M. Wallace, manager of Tamworth Creamery, has returned after spending the holidays at his home in Marmora.

Mrs. Hannah Hannah has gone to Toronto where she has secured a position.

Miss Olive Blair, of Toronto, formerly teacher, has returned to her school after renewing old acquaintances.

All are glad to hear Mr. Serpine Price, who had his leg amputated is recovering as well as could be expected.

School has opened with a small attendance.

Mrs. Allen Carscallen had the misfortune to sprain her ankle while coming down the stairs at her aunt's, Mrs. Bruce Richardson's home.

Mr. Jack Williams has returned after spending the holidays with his uncle, Mr. Wm. Hinchey.

An aged resident passed away in the person of Mr. G. Wagar.

Mr. Thompson, bank manager, has returned from attending the funeral of his father.

Mr. Roland Wilcox has accepted a position with the Belleville Creamery, and will be stationed at Napanee.

A young son has come to brighten the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Williams.

Mr. Lamberg, Perth, is engaged with Mr. E. G. Courneyea.

RETIRING MAYOR OF NAPANEE GAVE TOWN GOOD LEADERSHIP

Mr. E. J. Roy has retired from the Mayor's chair, having occupied the position of Chief Magistrate during the years 1927 and 1928.

Born in Belleville, he received his early education in that city and when a young man moved to Peterborough.

Thirty years ago Mr. and Mrs. Roy came to Napanee to reside and the former started the Dominion Rock Drill, which is situated adjacent to the C.N.R. tracks.

From the very outset, due to splendid management, the business forged ahead and shortly after the outbreak of war in 1914, Mr. Roy, realizing the great need of ammunition for the Allied armies, started the manufacture of shells, the number of employees being greatly increased.

The number of men on the pay roll was 130.

Shortly before this time the name was changed to that of the Napanee Iron Works.

In 1923 Mr. E. J. Roy has done much in the interest of the town of his adoption. Before aspiring to the Mayor's chair, Mr. Roy was a member of the Town Council for a number of years and for three years was a member of the Public Utilities Commission.

In December, 1926, Mr. Roy, at the solicitation of a large number of ratepayers, offered himself for the Mayoralty and had the honor of being elected by acclamation, an honor which seldom comes to the first year aspirants.

In 1928 Mr. Roy was re-elected Mayor by acclamation.

In the year 1924 Mr. Roy conceived the idea that the vacant area of land near the falls could be utilized as a park where the citizens could spend happy hours in recreation and the tourists find a delightful spot to rest while travelling through Napanee. From a small beginning Springside Park has grown and is to-day one of the finest tourist camps in Eastern Ontario.

While Mayor, Mr. Roy, in conjunction with the Town Property Committee, Messrs. J. G. Daly, F. S. Boyes, and George J. Tustin realized the time had come when Napanee was called to a Public Hall which would be a credit to the town. This project had the hearty support of the Council and at the submission of a by-law in January, 1928, the proposal was overwhelming endorsed by the electors.

The hall was completed a few weeks ago and the citizens are justly proud of it.

Mr. Roy was also largely instrumental in the establishment in Napanee of a Children's Playground, the land for which was generously donated by Mr. T. B. Wallace.

The Play Ground is splendidly equipped and has been the source of pleasure to the kiddies during the few months it has been established. In all circles Mr. Roy is an enthusiastic Oddfellow and is a member of St. Mary Magdalene Church.

Mr. Roy has proved to be a very popular and efficient Chief Magistrate and the best wishes of the citizens are extended to him, while regret is also expressed that his occupancy of the Mayor's chair could not have been of longer duratoin.

We have the Agency for the Connor Electric and hand washers.

SPENCER & SON.

45-tf

TOWN OF NAPANEE TO BE ON THE AIR

On Wednesday evening, January 23rd, the Town of Napanee will be on the air over station CKGW Toronto, through the courtesy of the Satin Finish Hardwood Flooring Company, of Weston, Ont. The programme will be similar to the usual programme given by the Flooring Company, and all Napanee citizens who have radios should tune in on CKGW on Wednesday, January 23rd. A good deal of the local history of Napanee, the finest town of its size in Ontario, will be given during the course of the programme, and the many advantages of Napanee for industrial sites will also be broadcasted and undoubtedly will be listened to by radio fans all over Canada as well as a big portion of the United States. This is ought to be good advertising for our town, and of considerable interest to the many auto tourists who visit Ontario during the summer months.

Mr. W. J. Jewell is the Napanee agent for the products of the Satin Finish Hardwood Flooring Company.

ARITHMETIC AFTER DARK

Rufus was proudly sporting a new pair of pants and a friend asked, "How many yards do it take to make a shirt like dat one, Rufus?"

"Well, suh," replied Rufus, "Ah got two shirts like this out'n one yard last night."—Successful Farming.

COMING :-: EVENTS

A CHILD WELFARE CLINIC FOR the pre-school child, is held each Thursday from 2 to 4, in the Sunday School Room of Trinity United Church, under the direction of Victorian Order of Nurses. 7-tf

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY G. C. TRUMBULL,
(Editor of The Sunday School Times.)

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR

Sunday, January 20—Luke 2: 11, 30-32; 15:3-7; John 3:14-17; 10:9-11; 14-16, 27, 28; Acts 3: 4-18; Romans 5:1-11; Philippians 2:5-11; 2 Timothy 1:9, 10.

Golden Text—Thou shalt call His name Jesus: for He shall save His people from their sins. (Matt. 1:21.)

We hear the words "salvation," and "Gospel," and "Saviour" used very freely nowadays, yet in most cases they are not used with their Bible meaning at all. There are a thousand different popular "gospels" to-day, but there is, always has been, and always be only one true gospel. There are many varities of "salvation" and "saviours," but only one true salvation and only one true saviour. The Bible passages chosen by the Lesson Committee on "Christ the Saviour" cut straight to the heart of the matter.

God has been making His preparations for the coming of the Saviour to earth a long while before He came. His coming was announced in advance to different persons, as Luke 1 records. Four thousand years earlier it had been announced (Gen. 3:15), and then repeatedly through the centuries during Old Testament times. Now, at His birth, the shepherds of Bethlehem are told that there is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Why a Saviour? Because men needed to be saved. From what? From sin and death. All men know this today, and all men have always known it; but some do not admit it—which does not alter the fact at all.

It was the Jewish Messiah that was born that first Christmas Day. He was promised, to redeem God's chosen people and re-establish David's Kingdom on earth. But old Simeon, "waiting for the consolation of Israel," when he came into the temple as Joseph and Mary brought in the Babe Jesus, had a revelation from God and he thanked God in the prayer: "Mine eyes hath seen Thy salvation, which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people; a light to lighten the Gentiles and the glory of Thy people, Israel." So Israel's Messiah was God's gift, not only to Israel, but also of the whole world. The Jewish Messiah is the Saviour of all men, Jews and Gentiles.

Some thirty years later, when the Babe Jesus was grown to manhood, and was critized for receiving and eating with sinners, He told a parable. He asked whether a man owning a hundred sheep, if one of them was lost, would leave the ninety and nine and go after the lost sheep until he had found and brought it back. That was all He had come to earth for, to seek and to save that which was lost. And all men are lost, but some do not like to admit it; these object to the words "salvation" and "Saviour."

The Son of God had to pay an unspeakable costly price in order to become the Saviour of sinners. He had to be identified with their sin. For "as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The brazen serpent had been set up by Moses, at God's direction, when the Israelites were dying of serpent bites. All that a poisoned, dying Israelite needed to do was to look in faith upon the brazen serpent, and instantly his life was saved. Christ figuratively took the form of a loathsome serpent; that is, He was made "sin for us" (II. Cor. 5:21), the very sin that has poisoned and is destroying us; He received in our stead on the cross, the ordeal penalty of our sins; and if we look to Him in faith we do "not perish, but have eternal life." The "Little Gospel," or John 3:16, tells us this. Gospel means good news, for it is good news to dying men to know that they may live. But they must admit that they are dying before they will be willing to accept the remedy. Those who will not admit it, and will not accept the remedy in Christ as Saviour, are beyond God's help. They are lost for eternity.

Christ the Saviour is the Good Shepherd. He tells us that He is the door, and the only door, by which men can enter Heaven and life. He is the door because He is the Good Shepherd, and "the Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep." It cost the Son of God His life to open the door of Heaven to sinful men. "I lay down My life for the sheep." How secure are the sheep who trust this Good Shepherd? Here is His answer: "I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand." That is good news indeed.

The story of the man, lame from his mother's womb, who asked Peter and John for a little money, and who, instead of getting what he had asked, was miraculously healed and given the strength to stand up, walk and leap, was but one of the many "human documents" that tell of the mighty power of this Saviour.

The Reformation came through Martin Luther when he discovered "justification by faith." "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." It is the same and only gospel again, offered through the same and only Saviour, that "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

The Philipians passage tells of the seven downward steps the eternal Son of God took in order that we might be saved. Not only did He become a man, but "He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." There was no other way by which He could be the Saviour.

It is all by grace; and grace means what God does for us, never what we do for God. He "hath saved us . . . not according to His own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began . . . who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel." "What a wonderful Saviour."

The Bell Telephone Company and the Northern Electric

THE relationship between the Bell Telephone Company and the Northern Electric Company is direct and definite. It consists of:—

1. ownership—the telephone company controls the Northern Electric by owning 51 per cent of Northern Electric shares.
2. contract—the telephone company has a contract with the Northern Electric by which the latter sells equipment to the telephone company at favorable prices.

The telephone company thus has direct control of its source of supplies. Without control there would be constant risk of being forced to pay high prices for apparatus or of being unable to secure consistent standard of equipment.

If either of these conditions prevailed the result would be higher rates or poor service for telephone users.

Apart from this protection there are two definite results secured. These are: first, dividends; second, low prices.

1. dividends from Northern Electric

THE Northern Electric has developed from a small beginning to an outstanding Canadian success.

In 1928 its total business was more than $25,000,000 which is four times its business in 1914.

48 per cent of this total was with the Bell Telephone Company. 11 per cent was with other telephone companies and 41 per cent was in general electrical business in Canada and abroad.

In all this total of success the Bell Telephone Company participates as majority shareholder. 51 per cent of all dividends paid by the Northern Electric have come back to the telephone company's revenues.

In the fifteen years since the Northern Electric was incorporated the telephone company has received from it in dividends over two-and-a-half million dollars.

These have contributed to operate the system in place of equal sums subscribers would otherwise be called on to pay.

The dividends paid by Northern Electric represent an average annual return of only 5.7 per cent on the capital stock, surplus earnings having been devoted consistently to extend plant and equipment.

2. low prices from Northern Electric

THE contract between these two companies stipulates that the prices which the Bell Telephone Company pay for equipment shall be as low as, or lower than, the lowest prices paid to Northern Electric by its other customers.

The other customers of Northern Electric include every telephone system of importance in Canada and business from them has been secured in open competition with British and American manufacturers.

It is thus the lowest price level of this competitive business which governs the prices paid by the Bell Telephone Company.

The Board of Railway Commissioners in 1926 made a detailed inquiry into these prices and their judgement was that "—the agreement and supplementary agreement which govern their relations are distinctly advantageous to the Bell Telephone Company."

Proof of this is seen in comparing costs of building the telephone system and rates paid by subscribers with those of other systems.

The average cost of building other systems in Canada, England, Brazil and the United States has been $227 per telephone. The cost in Ontario and Quebec has been $189 per telephone, or 17 per cent less than the average.

And the rates which telephone users pay in Ontario and Quebec are the lowest in the world for comparable service.

A large factor in obtaining these low costs and low rates has been the arrangement and relationship between the Bell Telephone Company and the Northern Electric Company.

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Drunkenness Doubled.

A survey by the Moderation League of the United States says that police records in 388 cities show that arrests for intoxication rose from 235,612 in 1920 to 557,369 in 1927.

The fourth annual report of the league, which has for its announced aim "the restoration of temperance," declares that the figures have brought the organization to the conclusion that "the Volstead Act has failed utterly to do what it was intended to do, namely, promote temperance and sobriety."

Tables of total arrests by years in the 388 cities as compiled in the report indicate a decline in arrests for drunkenness beginning in 1914, when the figure stood at 30,367, to 235,612 in 1920, the year national prohibition went into effect.

Teaching Chinese Laborers.

A number of night schools for laborers are to be opened soon under the auspices of the Peiping Bureau of Education and the local labor unions. Attendance at these classes conducted during working hours are also being arranged with compulsory attendance of an hour each day. Factories which employ more than fifty men are being asked to establish labor schools on the premises, with an hour a day granted to everyone for attendance. Factories with fewer workmen are to co-operate with bigger insti utions, sending their employes to these larger places for their studies.

Records of Masonry.

Where and when Masonry originated is unknown, but Scotland claims the oldest records of the craft.

THE FOOL PROOF SKY FLIVER

By ERWIN GREER ....
(President Greer College, Chicago Ill.)

An airplane that any man can operate—the foolproof fliver—is just around the corner.

This new plane will rise fast, land slowly, keep right side up in the air, and refuse to "spin" or stunt. A Los Angeles company has spent two years and half a million dollars perfecting it.

The new craft is a monplane. In general it follows the lines of present day designs, but in appearance it is birdlike, and in its important features it is decidedly different from the average monoplane.

The first model designed by this company was primarily a training plane, designed for everyone. Maximum safety was the object sought and, I believe, it is accomplished in this ship.

Exhaustive tests show that the plane lands at seventeen miles an hour. Imagine that, you who are skeptical of aeronautical future. It has a stalling speed of twenty-five miles an hour. And it will not spin. Nor can it be forced over on its back. Moreovver, you could not dive or stunt it if you wanted to. This makes it practically impossible for the amateur pilot to get into trouble. It will maintain level flight without any help from the pilot, and it will almost land itself when the controls are released.

Strong statements, eh? But the solution is simple.

Two factors, each generally known to the aircraft industry, have been combined to obtain stability in flight and slow speed in landing. These are large wing surfaces and controls and "dihedral wings"—that is, a wing that rises about six degrees from the body at each tip.

Large eastern interests are believed to be associataed with the company's plans for the future.

So, folks, it won't be long now before you are flying to the office in your airplane.

A $950,000,000 SCHEME.

Would Build Tunnel Under English Channel.

A far-reaching scheme for the construction of a new railway between London and Paris, at a cost of £189,000,000 is described in the Modern Transport, a London journal.

The proposed line would be of broad gauge, 7 feet, and would pass through a 44-mile tunnel under the English Channel.

Hauled by electric locomotives at a maximum speed of 120 m.p.h., the journey between the two cities would be accomplished in 2 hours 45 minutes, the average speed being 92 miles an hour.

The route suggested for this new high-speed railway, which would have the London terminus in Victoria, is by way of Sidcup, Farningham, Maidstone, Chilsom Tunnel, Ashford and Monk's Horton and Sellin (seven miles east of Ashford), where it would enter an 11-mile approach to the Channel tunnel. On the French side the proposed route is through Ambleteuse, Mer, Amiens, Beaumont-sur-Oise and Amiens, Beaumon-sur-Oise and Ecouen.

The promoters aim at providing 45-minute service each way, every daily period of seventeen hours. This accommodation for more than 13,000 passengers each way would be provided daily.

Allowing for additional summer traffic, it is estimated that the service would give 10,000,000 seats and carry 8,500,000 passengers a year.

The proposed fares are:
London to Paris, single, £2.
London to Boulogne, £1.
Ashford to Boulogne, 10s.

Gross receipts on this basis are estimated at £35,000,000 against a working expenditure of £23,000,000

The scheme, which has been endorsed by Mr. Theodore Stevens, consulting engineer, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C., owes its inception to M. William Collard of Savile row, W.1. London.

KENESAW MOUNTAIN LANDIS.

Kept Men Waiting When They Offered a $50,000 Job.

Baseball Czar Landis is a born actor. Even as a judge he dramatized himself; since they crowned him with baseball, he has talked across the news-pages a wild, individualistic figure.

This is the way he treated his would-be employers, when they came to offer him his present job.

Landis was hearing an income-tax case when a committee of eight baseball club owners called on him. Representing probably enormous wealth, the eight men filed into his courtroom, hats in hands. Landis glanced at them, banged his desk with the gavel, and ordered them to make less noise.

When he heard that they had come to offer him the baseball job—which would add $45,500 to his $7,500 annual income, he ordered them out of court, and made them wait forty-five minutes in an ante-chamber.

His Christian names — Kenesaw Mountain — have puzzled thousands of people. How did he get them? Elbert Hubbard once wrote the explanation. He related that Landis' father, an army surgeon, was at the battle of Kenesaw Mountain, and upon that day Landis was born. And so they named him after a battle, and he has been living up to his name ever since.

Origin of "Hansard."

"Hansard" is still spoken of in connection with official reports of parliamentary proceedings, although the Hansard family ceased long ago to have anything to do with them. But for more than a century that family did issue them, and it is a little over a hundred years ago since the founder of it died. He was a brisk youth. He left his Norwich home with no more than a guinea in his purse, got employment as a compositor with a London firm, and in a few years, before he was 23, became head of the business which was worth $750,000 before he died. Is it lack of chances or lack of enterprise and industry which account for our so seldom hearing of such rapid advancement to-day.

INSECTS' STRENGTH.

Earwig Draws 530 Times Its Own Weight.

Investigations have been made to ascertain the strength of insects. By means of a toy coach and truck one student tested the pulling power of a bee. It very ably performed the tasks that he assigned it, and drew both the empty coach and the truck. The truck was gradually loaded with plasticine until a weight of one hundred and sixty-six grains had been added. The total weight of coach, truck, and load was six hundred and one grains. Since the weight of the bee itself was exactly two grains, it followed that the little creature was pulling a load slightly more than three hundred times its own weight.

The investigator concluded, therefore, that the pulling power of a bee is proportionately thirty times as great as the pulling power of a horse or a man even of the greatest strength.

It appears, however, that even the extraordinary strength of the bee is insignificant when compared with the strength of the insect that was next tried—namely, the earwig.

The investigator is inclined to believe that in proportion to its size the earwig is the most powerful of all insects.

The earwig in question pulled the empty truck of one hundred and seventy grains' weight with the utmost ease; and it also drew the little coach without difficulty. But when the roof was placed upon the coach the limit of the earwig's strength was reached, and it could move only very slowly and had to make frequent stops for rest.

The weight of the covered coach was two hundred and sixty-five grains, and that of the earwig was only half a grain; so that the insect was drawing about five hundred and thirty times its own weight. Allowing for the difference in size, the earwig is some fifty-three times as strong as a horse or a man.

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5. Smooth sliding gear transmission

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Here and There

(214) ....

For the first time in history, an airplane has been carrying furs from the wilds of Northern Manitoba to the New York market. Holick Kenyon, aviator, left Cranberry Portage for Brocket settlement recently, taking Del Symonds, veteran trader, whose aim was to beat all competitors who take a month to travel by dog team.

During 1928 between 5,600 and 5,700 Prince Edward Island foxes have been shipped abroad, an increase over the 4,260 shipped the preceding year. These have been handled without a single known casualty. Since the middle of October foxes have been shipped to Norway, Sweden, Scotland, Germany, Czecho Slovakia, Bavaria, Finland, Prussia, Holland, Switzerland and Japan.

Forty-two years of service with the Canadian Pacific Railway without having broken any of the company's rules or otherwise earned a mark against himself is the unique record held by Arthur W. Savage, engineer, who has just retired on pension. Mr. Savage, who is well known throughout the Eastern Townships, fired the train that laid the first steel on the line between Sherbrooke and Farnham.

The old English Yuletide Festival held recently at the Empress Hotel in Victoria, B.C., proved to be one of the most popular events of last year. Carols and yuletide music were rendered, the ancient "Chester Mysteries" staged, and Dickens' "Mrs. Wardle's Christmas Party" was produced. The festival culminated in a ball at which some seven hundred persons attended. It is believed that plans are already being made for a larger and better celebration next year.

A change in telephone numbers has drawn attention to the train inquiry office in the great Windsor Street Station of the Canadian Pacific Railway in Montreal. The girls who are on duty there handle each on an average of 200 calls an hour, and as many as 300 an hour during rush times. They carry most of the information in their heads and seldom have to refer to a time-table. They are asked queer questions sometimes. Recently someone asked, "When does the afternoon tea train for old poser turned up, "What time does the four o'clock train leave."

Dr. Knechtel, a farmer residing about four miles east of Souris, Manitoba, has about 6,000 bushels of Reward wheat which he is going to ship out all over Western Canada in two-bushel lots, as soon as the list of addresses arrives from Ottawa—for the project is under the supervision of the Dominion Government. As is pretty generally known, Reward wheat matures about a week earlier than Marquis and, for this reason, can be grown further north. This early ripening means, roughly, that a new strip of country 75 by 1,000 miles, is made available for wheat growing.

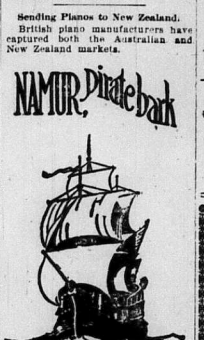
Hard and soft cut wood for sale. 'Phone 53.
ROBT. LIGHT.
6tf

Vegetarian Won Wager.

A bet of $125 was made some time ago in England between a meat eater and a vegetarian, as to who would live the longest. A few weeks after the flesh-lover died, and his friend was very much surprised to discover that the amount of the bet had been provided for in his deceased friend's will. As he himself had not thought of making any such provision, he refuses to accept the money for himself, and he is diverting the sum to charitable purposes.

Sending Planes to New Zealand.

British piano manufacturers have captured both the Australian and New Zealand markets.



Featuring our new serial story, "The Wolves of The Sea," the first instalment of which appears in this week's issue.

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WOLVES of the SEA

By RANDALL PARRISH

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CHAPTER I.

Sent into Servitude.

Knowing this to be a narrative of unusual adventure, and one which may never be read until long after I have departed from this world, then it will be difficult to convince readers that such times as are herein depicted could ever have been reality. I shall endeavor to narrate each incident in the simplest manner possible. My only purpose is truth, and my only witness history. Yet, even now lately as this all happened, it is more like the recollections of a dream dimly remembered at awakening, and, perchance, might remain so, but for the scars upon my body, and the constant memory of a woman's face. These alone combine to bring back in vividness those days that were—days of youth and daring, of desperate, lawless war, of wide ocean peril, and the outstretched hands of love. So that here, where I am writing it all down, here amid quietness and peace, and forgetful of the past, I wander again along a deserted shore, and sail among those isles of a southern sea, the home for many a century of crime and unspeakable cruelty. I will recall the truth, and can do no more.

It was still early morning when we were brought out under heavy guard and marched somberly forth through the opened gates of the jail. Ahead we could perceive a forest of masts, and what seemed like a vast crowd of waiting people. That we had been sentenced to exile, to prolonged servitude in some foreign land, was all that any of us knew.

The guards prodded the crowd savagely with the butts of their musketoons, thus making scant room for us to shuffle through, out upon the far end of the wharf, where we were finally halted abreast of a tall, ramping brig, apparently nearly ready for sea. There were more than forty of us. I gained glimpse of the hooker's name—Romping Betsy of Plymouth. A moment later a sailor passed along the edge of the dock and instantly a whisper passed swiftly from man to man. "It's Virginia, mate; we're bound for Virginia."

The eyes of a prisoner met mine. "Virginia, hey?" he grunted. "Ye're a sailorman, ain't ye, mate? Well, then, what ye got yere Virginia?"

"That's all right, mates," I returned cheerily. "We'll fall into the hands of Englishmen out there. In America, where all the tobacco comes from. I've been there twice—and to a land beyond they call Maryland. This a country not so unlike England."

"Yer better stow that, my man," growled someone above me, and I looked up into the stern eyes of the captain of the guard, for it may be the 'cat' for ye. So ye've been ter the Virginia plantation, hev ye? Then ye must be Master Carlyle, I take it. I heerd tell about ye at the trial, but supposed ye ter be an older man."

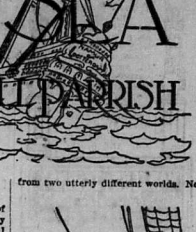
"I am twenty-six."

"Ye don't look even thet. Ay, they're ready for ye now. Fall in there—all of ye. Step along, ye d——d rebel scum."

I stared aft at the poop deck. There were a number of persons gathered along the low rail, probably all passengers. Then my eyes encountered a strange group foregathered beside the lee rail.

There were four in the little party, one of them a negress. Another was clearly enough a colonial proprietor, a heavily built man of middle age, purple faced. I passed these by with a glance, my attention concentrating upon the other two—a middle-aged man and a young woman standing side by side. The former was a dashing looking blade, of not more than forty, attired in blue studded coat, ornamented with gold buttons, and bedecked at collar and cuffs with a profusion of lace. A saffron colored waistcoat failed to conceal his richly beruffled shirt, and the hilt of a rapier was rather prominently displayed. Such dandies were frequently enough seen, but it was this man's face which made marked contrast with his gay attire. He was dark and hook-nosed, apparently of foreign birth, with black mustache tightly clipped, so as to reveal the thin firmness of his lips, and even at that distance I could perceive the lines of a scar across his chin. Altogether there was an audacity to his face, a daring, convincing me he was no mere lady's knight but one to whom fighting was a trade. He was pointing us out to his companion, apparently joking over our appearance, in an endeavor to amuse. Seemingly she gave small heed to his words, for although her eyes followed where he pointed they never once lighted with a smile, nor did I see her answer his smiles. She was scarcely more than a girl, dressed very simply in some clinging dark stuff, with a loose gray cloak draping her shoulders and a small, neat bonnet of straw perched upon a mass of coiled hair. The face beneath was sweetly piquant, with dark eyes and rounded cheeks flushed with health. She stood, both hands clasping the rail, watching us intently. I somehow felt as though her eyes were upon me, and within their depths, even at that distance, I seemed to read a message of sympathy and kindness. The one lasting impression her face left on my memory was that of innocent girlhood, dignified by a womanly tenderness.

What were those two to each other? I could not guess, for they seemed from two utterly different worlds. Not



What Were These Two to Each Other?

brother and sister surely; and not lovers. The last was unthinkable. Instinctively I disliked the man, aware of an instant antagonism, realizing that he was evil; while his companion came to me as revealment of all that was true and worthy, in a degree I had never known before. From the instant I looked upon these two I felt convinced that, through some strange vagary of fate, we were destined to know more of each other; that our life lines were ordained to touch and become entangled, somewhere in that mystery of the western world to which I had been condemned.

Then the guards came to me, and, with my limbs freed of fetters, I was passed down the steep ladder into the semidarkness between decks, where we were to be confined. It proved a dismal, crowded hole in which we were quartered like so many cattle, the only ventilation and light furnished by the open hatch above. The ticket given me called by number for a certain berth, and I found this, throwing within its small bundle I bore. Almost immediately there was a sound of tramping feet on the deck above, and the creaking of blocks. Then a sudden movement of the hull told all we were under way.

CHAPTER II.

The Prison Ship.

The greater portion of that voyage of 58 days I would blot entirely from memory if possible. I cannot hope to describe it in any detail—the foul smells, the discomfort, the ceaseless horror of food, the close companionship of men turned into mere animals by suffering and distress, the wearisome days, the black, sleepless nights, the poisonous air, and the brutality of guards. I can never forget these things, for they have scarred my soul.

The hatch above remained open, but carefully guarded night and day, while we were permitted on deck for air and exercise only in squads of ten, two hours out of every twenty-four. This alone served to break the dread monotony of the voyage. From our exercise on deck we generally returned below drenched to the skin, but glad to even pay that price for two hours of fresh air, and an opportunity to gaze about at sea and sky. We were herded well forward, a rope dividing us from the main deck, which space the passengers aft used as a promenade. There were only three women aboard, a fat dowager, the young lady I had noticed at embarkation, and her colored maid. I gained but one glimpse of the young lady in the first two weeks at sea, and then only as we were being ordered down to our quarters for the night. Just as I was approaching the hatch to descend our eyes met fairly, and I instantly knew she saw and recognized me. For a single second our glances clung, as through some mysterious influence lent us to each other—then the angry guard struck me with the stock of his piece.

"What ar ye standin' thar for?" he demanded savagely. "Go on down—lively now."

I saw her clasping fingers convulsively grip the rail, and, even at that distance, marked a sudden flame of color in her cheeks. That was all her message to me, yet quite enough. Although we had never spoken, although our names were yet unknown, I was no criminal to her mind, no loathsome diseased prisoner beneath contempt, but a human being in whom she already felt a personal interest, and to whom she extended thought and sympathy. I continued entirely ignorant of the identity of the young woman. She remained in my memory, in my thoughts nameless, a dream rather than a reality. I did learn that the gay gallant was a wealthy Spaniard, supposedly of high birth, by name Sanches, and at one time in the naval service, and likewise ascertained that the rotund pleasant fellow was a certain Roger Fairfax of Saint Mary's in Maryland, homeward bound after a successful sale of his tobacco crop in London. It was during his visit to the great city that he had met Sanches, and his praise of the colonies had induced the latter to essay a voyage in his company to America. But strange enough no one so much as mentioned the girl in connection with either man.

CHAPTER III.

Dorothy Fairfax.

We were not far from two hundred miles east of the Capes. I had been closely confined to my bunk for two days with illness, but now, somewhat stronger, had been ordered up deck by the surgeon. The last batch of prisoners, after their short hour of recreation, had been returned to the quarters below, but I was permitted to remain alone undisturbed.

I was still standing there absorbed when a voice, soft-spoken and feminine, broke the silence.

"May I speak with you?"

I turned instantly, so thoroughly surprised my voice faltered as I gazed into the upturned face of the questioner. She stood directly beside me, her head uncovered. Instantly my cap was off, and I was bowing courteously.

"Most certainly," with a quick side glance toward the guard, "but I am a prisoner."

"Of course I know that," in smiling confidence. "Only you see I am rather a privileged character on board. Perhaps you may be punished if you talk with me—is that what you mean?"

"I am more than willing to assume the risk. I have made few friends forward, and am even bold enough to say that I have longed for a word with you ever since I first saw you on board."

"Why especially with me?"

"Rather a hard question to answer at the very beginning." I smiled back at her. "Yet not so difficult as the one I shall ask you. I am only one of fifty prisoners, scarcely cleaner or more reputable looking than any of my mates. Yet surely you have not sought speech with these others? Then why especially with me?"

Even in the growing dusk I could mark a red flush mount into the clear cheeks at this insistent question, and for an instant her eyes wavered. But she possessed the courage of pride, and her hesitancy was short.

"You imagine I cannot answer. Oh, but I can; I know who you are; my uncle pointed you out when you were traveling home with him to Maryland. I am Dorothy Fairfax. He was present at your trial before Lord Jeffries. You are Geoffry Carlyle, in command of the ship that brought Monmouth to England. I heard it all."

"All? What else, pray?"

Her eyes opened widely in sudden surprise and she clasped and unclasped her hands nervously.

"Do you really not know? Have you never been told what happened?"

"Only that I was roughly forbidden to speak, called very foul name the learned judge could think of, and then sentenced to twenty years penal servitude beyond seas," I answered soberly, following that I was dragged from the dock, and flung into a cell. Was there anything else?"

"Why you should have known. Lord Jeffries sentenced you to death; the decree was signed, to be executed immediately. Some influence was brought to bear—some nobleman in Northumberland made direct appeal to the king. That was what angered Jeffries so."

"An appeal! For me? Good God! not Buccleugh—was it he, the duke?"

"Yes; it was whispered about that the king was in his debt—some word of honor, and dare not refuse. The word of mercy came just in time, ordering Jeffries to commute your sentence. At first he swore he'd hang you, king or no king, but his nerve failed. My uncle said he roared like a bull. This Buccleugh; is he not your friend?"

I hesitated for an instant of indecision, looking into her face, but the truth would not be denied.

"Scarcely that," I said soberly, "Nor can I solve entirely his purpose. He is my brother, and I am the next in line. We are not even on speaking terms; yet he is childless, and may feel some measure of dislike to all the family and in a haughtier's heart, I can think of no other reason for his interference. I knew nothing of his action."

"I am glad it became my privilege to tell you. Besides, Captain Carlyle," simply, "it may also help you to understand my interest. If you are of the Carlyles of Buccleugh, how happened it that you went to sea?"

"Largely necessity, not to come to sent no doubt sheer love of adventure. I was a younger son, with very little income. There were then two lives between me and the estate, and the old duke, my father, treated me like a servant. I always loved the sea, and at fourteen—to get out of his sight, I think largely—was apprenticed to the navy, but lost my grade in the service by a mere boyish prank. His influence then would have saved me, but he refused to even read my letter of explanation. I dared not return home in such disgrace, and consequently drifted into the merchant service. It is a story quickly told."

"Yet not so quickly lived."

"No, it meant many hard years, on all the oceans of the world. This is the first message reaching me from the old home."

"I have seen that home," she said quietly, "and shall never forget the impression it made on me. A beautiful place. I was there on a coaching

"I Have Seen That Home."

party, the first summer I was in England. I was a mere girl then, and everything seemed wonderful. I have been away from Maryland now for three years. Nothing else would satisfy father, Maryland is only a colony, you know."

"Your home is at Saint Mary's?"

"Lower down the Potomac. Have you ever been there?"

"Twice; once as mate, and the last time as master of a ship. My latest voyage in these waters was made nearly two years ago."

"It is not so strange then, is it, that I should have felt interested in you?" she asked suddenly, as though justifying herself. "When Uncle Roger first told me who you were, and then explained what had occurred at the trial, naturally you became to me something entirely different from the others. Were you actually with Monmouth?"

"In sympathy, yes; but I had no hand in the actual fighting. I was not even ashore until it was all over with. Still I shall pay my share of the silly."

"And you know what that means, do you not? What will happen when we reach Virginia?"

"Perfectly, I have no illusions. I have seen just such ships as this come in. We are to be advertised, and sold to the highest bidder. A week from now I shall probably be out in the tobacco fields, under the whip of an overseer, who will call me Jeff. All I can hope for is a kind-hearted master, and an early opportunity to escape."

"Oh, no!" and in her eagerness her hands actually clasped mine. "It is not going to be quite so bad as that. That is what I wanted to tell you. That is what gave me boldness to come across here to you tonight. It has all been arranged. You are not going to be sold on the block with those others. Uncle Roger has already contracted with the captain for your services. You are going north with us to Maryland."

I drew a deep breath, and in the sudden impulse of relief which swept over me my own fingers closed tightly about her hands.

"I owe this to you; I am sure I must owe this to you—tell me?"

Her eyes dropped, and in the dim light I could mark the heaving of her bosom as she caught her breath.

"Only—only the suggestion," she managed to say in a whisper. "He—he was glad of that. You see I—I knew he needed someone to take charge of his sloop, and—and so I brought you to his mind. So please don't thank me."

"I shall never cease to thank you." I returned hurriedly, conscious suddenly that I was holding both hands, and as instantly releasing them. "It will save me the degradation which I dreaded most of all—the selling in the fields under negro-drivers, and the stroke of the lash. Ay, it means even more—"

I hesitated, instantly realizing that I must not utter those impetuous words leaping to my lips.

"More?" she exclaimed. "What more?"

"This," I went on, my thought shifting into a new channel. "A longer servitude. Up to this moment my one dream has been to escape, but I must give that up now. You have placed me under obligations to serve. Between us this has become a debt of honor."

"But wait," she said earnestly, "for I had even thought of that. I was sure you would feel that way—any gentleman would. Still there is a way out. You were sentenced as an indentured servant. I saw the entry myself. It read, 'Geoffry Carlyle, Master Mariner, indentured to the Colonies for the term of twenty years, unless sooner released; crime, high treason.' Any indentured man, under our Maryland laws, can buy his freedom after serving a fair proportion of his sentence. Did you not know that?"

I did know it, yet somehow had never connected the fact before directly with my own case. God! what a relief; I stood up straight once more in the stature of a man. I hardly know what wild words I might have spoken and the opportunity been mine; but at that instant the figure of a man crossed the deck toward us, emerging from the open cabin door. Against the gleam of yellow light I recognized the trim form advancing, and as instantly stepped back into shadow. My quick movement caused her to turn and face him.

"What?" he exclaimed, and evidently surprised at his discovery. "It is indeed Mistress Dorothy—out here alone? 'Twas my thought you were safely in your cabin long since. But—prithee—I mistake; you are not alone."

"I was preparing to go in," she answered, ignoring his latter words. "The night already looks stormy."

"But your friend?"

The tone in which he spoke was insistent, almost insolent in its demand, and she hesitated no longer in meeting the challenge.

"Your pardon, I am sure—Lieutenant Sanches, this gentleman is Captain Geoffry Carlyle."

He stood there stiff and straight against the background of light, one hand on the carelessly open coat, fingering the end of a waxed mustache. His face was in shadow, yet I was quite aware of the flash of his eyes.

"Ah, indeed—some passenger I have not chanced to observe before?"

"A prisoner," she returned distinctly. "You may perhaps remember my uncle pointed him out to us when he first came on board."

"And you have been out here alone, talking with the fellow?"

"Certainly—why not?"

"Why the man is a felon, convicted of crime, sentenced to deportation."

"It is not necessary that we discuss this, sir," she interposed, rather proudly, "as my personal conduct is not a matter for your criticism. I shall retire now. No, thank you, you need not come."

He stopped still, staring blankly after her as she vanished; then wheeled about to vent his anger on me.

"Carlyle, hey?" he exclaimed sneeringly. "A familiar sound that name in my ears. One of the brood out of Buccleugh."

"A cadet of that line," I managed to admit, wonderingly. "You know of them?"

"Quite as much as I care to," his tone ugly and insulting. Then an idea suddenly occurred to his mind. "Saint Guise, but that would even up the score nicely. You are, as I understand it, sent to Virginia for sale?"

"Yes."

"For how long a term?"

"The sentence was twenty years."

"Hela! and you go to the highest bidder. Tu fo, fellow! To actually own a Carlyle of Buccleugh will be a sweet revenge. 'Twill count for more than were I to tweak the duke's nose."

"A very noble plan for revenge," I admitted. "And one which I am not likely to forget. Unfortunately you come too late. It happens, senor, that I am already safely indentured to Roger Fairfax."

I turned away, but he called angrily after me:

"Do not feel so sure of that Carlyle! I am in the game yet."

CHAPTER IV.

Black Sanchez, Pirate.

I rested in my berth for a long time, staring blankly up at the dark deck above, unable to sleep, and endeavoring to figure out the true meaning of all these occurrences. I felt that I had the clue—jealousy, the mad, unreasoning jealousy of his race.

I had no false conception as to this; no vagrant thought that her interest in me was any more than a passing fancy, born of sympathy and a desire to aid. Nevertheless, as she had thus already served me, I now owed her service in return, and here was the first call. If conditions made it possible it was my plain duty to place myself between these two.

In the intensity of my feelings I must have unconsciously spoken aloud, for a shaggy head suddenly popped out from the berth beneath where I lay, and Haley's interested voice asked solicitously:

"Hy, thar; what's up, mate? Ye was muttering' 'way thar an' not disturbin' me none, till ye got ter talkin' 'bout sum feller called Sanchez. Then I sorter got a bit interested. I know'd thet cuss once, and he spat, as though to thus better express his feelings. "The d——d ornary pirate."

I laughed, my whole mental mood changed by this remark.

"Do you refer to 'Black Sanchez' I've heard of him; were you ever in his hands?"

"Was I!" he laughed grimly. "I had eight months of it, mate, and a better officer never sailed. The things I see done ye'd never believe no human oein could do. If ever thar was two people in one skin, sir, it's thet Black Sanches. When he's playin' off the good Don as soft an' sweet as a dandy in Picadilly, an' when he's real he's like a devil in hell."

"Were you a prisoner—or did you sail under him?"

"Both, for the matter o' thet. He give me the choice ter serve or walk the plank. I was eighteen, an' hed an o' mother at Deal."

"I see; but later got away?"

"Ay, I did thet," chuckling over the recollection. "But I had ter wait eight months fer the luck." My neighbor went on to tell at great length the story of his escape.

"I had a shipmate once," I observed, interested in his story, "who claimed to have seen the fellow; he described him as being a very large man, with intensely black, hawklike eyes and a heavy black beard almost hiding his face."

"Maybe he looked like that when he saw him, but he ain't no bigger man than I am; he won't weigh as much by fifteen pound. Fact is he mighty seldom looks the same, fer thet's part o' his game. I've seen him in all sorts o' disguises. It's only his eyes he can't hide, an' thar's been times when I thought they was the ugliest eyes ever I saw. He's sure an ornary devil, an' when he gits mad, I'd rather be afront of a tiger. Besides fightin's his trade, an' no weaklin' ain't goin' ter control the sort o' chaps he's got ter handle. Most o' 'em would murder him in a minute if they dared. Oh, he's bad all right, but yer wouldn't exactly think so, just ter look at him."

"What, then, does he really look like?"

"Oh, a sorter swashbucklin' Spanish don—the kind whut likes ter dress up an' play the dandy. He's got a pink an' white complexion, the Castilian kind, yer know, an' wears a little mustache, waxed up at the ends. I heard he was about forty-five; I reckon he must be thet, but he didn't look older than thirty."

Haley dropped off to sleep, but my mind continued to wander until it conjured up once again this West Indian pirate. His name and the story of his exploits had been familiar to me ever since I first went to sea. While only one among many operating in those haunted waters his resourcefulness, daring and cruelty had won him an infamous reputation, a name of horror. In those days, when the curse of piracy made the sea a terror, no ordinary man could ever have succeeded in attaining such supremacy in crime.

Black Sanches—and Haley pictured him as a dandified, ordinary appearing individual, with white and red complexion, a small mustache and flashing dark eyes—a mere Spanish gallant, without special distinction. Why, that description, strangely enough, fitted almost exactly this fellow on board, this other Sanchez.

The suspicion which had crept into my mind was so absurd, so unspeakably silly and impossible that I laughed at myself and dismissed the crazy thought. Chuckling over it I finally fell asleep.

CHAPTER V.

The Namur of Rotterdam.

The brig, with all sails set and favored by a strong wind, drew rapidly in toward the point of landing. The great majority of the prisoners remained on deck, chained together and helpless, yet surrounded by armed guards, while the few who had already been purchased by passengers humbly followed their new masters ashore the moment the gangplank touched the soil of Virginia. There were five of us altogether thus favored, as I was the only one owing allegiance to Roger Fairfax. The rude landing wharf along which we lay was already densely crowded. Altogether it was a bustling scene, full of change and color, the air noisy with shouting voices, the line of wharves filled with a number of vessels, either newly arrived or preparing to depart. It was with no small difficulty we succeeded in forcing our way through this jostling throng until we attained to an open space ashore. I followed closely Haley, the three composing our party, Roger Fairfax and Sanches, with the negress between them for protection. Fairfax was evidently well known to a number present, for we was being greeted on all sides with hearty handshakes and words of welcome.

We boarded the Fairfax sloop. The baggage was transferred. I worked with the Fairfax servants, and at my pride to the quick. Out in the bay I was sent to the wheel.

Not another sail appeared across that surface of waters, not even a fisherman's boat, the only other vessel visible along our course being a dim outline close in against that far-away headland toward which I had been instructed to steer. I stared at this object, at first believing it a wreck, but finally distinguishing the bare masts of a medium-sized bark, evidently riding at anchor only a few hundred yards off shore.

The Spaniard presently pointed out to Fairfax the position of the bark.

"Surely a strange place in which to anchor, Lieutenant," asked Fairfax. "Bark rigged and very heavily sparred. Seems to be all right. What do you make of the vessel?"

The Spaniard twisted his mustache but exhibited little interest, although his gaze was upon the craft.

"Decidedly Dutch, I should say," he answered slowly. "The beggars seem

(Continued on page 6.)

"I Had Eight Months of It, Mate."

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HM-M! I THINK I SEE!
YES, HE HAS AN AILMENT OF THE HEART BUT IT'S NOTHING A DOCTOR CAN CURE AND IT'S NOTHING FOR YOU TO WORRY ABOUT! HE WILL PROBABLY GET OVER IT, BUT IF HE DOESN'T, IT'S OFTEN ENJOYABLE AND RARELY FATAL!
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W. M. S. MEETINGS

GRACE CHURCH W. M. S.

The W. M. S. of Grace United Church have closed a very satisfactory year. New members have been added and a feeling of interest has been evinced throughout the year.

In November Mrs. Woodger extended to all the ladies of the church an invitation to meet at her home, the guest of Miss Hambly, Miss Tanuko Maruyama from Japan. The meeting was both a pleasure and an inspiration.

The December meeting was one of special interest, and the ladies of the finance committee were well repaid for their efforts in trying to bring the finances up to the objective. Over one hundred dollars was contributed, bringing the total almost up to the year before.

The first two chapters of the study book have been reviewed and enjoyed.

Mrs. Woodger was greatly surprised when presented with Life Membship Certificate and a pin by one whose name was inhelid, and expressed her appreciation in fitting words of thanks.

The officers for the year 1929 are :

Hon. President—Mrs. S. C. Denison.

President—Mrs. F. L. Hooper.
1st Vice-Pres.—Mrs. A. Kitchen
2nd Vice-Pres.—Mrs. R. J. Smith.
3rd Vice-Pres.—Mrs. J. Oliver.
Rec. Sec.—Mrs. S. Hamilton.
Assist. Sec.—Mrs. Symington.
Treas.—Mrs. J. Frieken.
Miss. Supt.—Mrs. Reddick.
Miss. Band Supt.—Mrs. Woodger.
Associate Helper Sec.—Mrs. R. J. Loucks.
Supply Sec.—Mrs. L. M. Hall.
Strangers' Sec.—Mrs. M. B. Judson.
Press Sec.—Mrs. J. B. Stalker.
Corresponding Sec.—Miss Edwards.
Literature Sec.—Mrs. A. E. Paul.
Pianists—Mrs. Seymour and Mrs. Reddick.
Study Book—Mrs. J. B. Stalker.

ADOLPHUSTOWN W.M.S.

The January meeting of the W.M.S. of the U.C. United Church was held at the home of Mrs. John Magee, on Thursday, January 10th. This meeting was to have been held at the home of Mrs. Davis, the first week in January, but owing to illness in the family, had to be postponed.

The new officers for the year were installed and were in charge of the meeting. The officers are:

President—Mrs. John Magee.
1st Vice-Pres.—Mrs. R. Carr.
2nd Vice-Pres.—Mrs. W. J. Magee.
Rec. Sec.—Mrs. A. C. Davis.
Corr. Sec.—Mrs. R. Humphrey.
Treas.—Miss Annabel Magee.
Strangers' Secretary—Mrs. B. Humphrey.
Supt. Christian Stewardship—Miss Lillien Carr.
Supt. Mite Boxes—Mrs. R. Carr.
Sec. Temperance Education—Miss Audrey Ruttan.
Press Reporter—Miss Margaret Magee.

The meeting opened by singing a hymn, after which Miss Annabel Magee read the scripture lesson.

The matter of the sacred drama entitled "The Challenge of the Cross," was discussed and it was decided to be given at a later date when the community have recovered their health.

Mrs. A. C. Davis and Miss Margaret Magee were appointed delegates to the convention to be held in Trenton.

The Study Book "Drums in the Darkness," was omitted, as Mrs. (Rev.) Plant, who had charge of it for this month, was unable to be present.

Mrs. Blake Humphrey sang a solo very sweetly, after which the following Heralds reported :

Indian Work, Mrs. John Humphrey; India, Mrs. John Magee; China, Miss Lillien Carr.

Roll Call was answered by a verse of scripture, another hymn sung, and the meeting closed with the Mizpah Benediction, to meet in February at the home of Mrs. John Duffett.

The hostess served refreshments and a generous offering was received.

W.M.S. OF GRETNA AND ANDERSON

The W.M.S. of Gretna and Anderson held its first meeting of the new year at the home of Mrs. Wm. Baird, on Thursday afternoon, January 10th, with an attendance of fourteen members.

The president, Mrs. Elmer Allcombrack, opened the meeting by singing the Doxology, after which Mrs. E. Becker led in prayer.

After singing the hymn, "O God Our Help in Ages Past," the scripture lesson, the 23rd psalm was read by Mrs. Amos Hambly. The devotional leaflet, entitled "Stewardship of Life" was read by Mrs. Arthur Dean. The secretary read the minutes of the last meeting, and this was followed by treasurer's report, which was very encouraging. Everyone present was delighted to hear that our allocation of $145.00 had been reached.

The president had each officer read her own special duties for the coming year, after which she offered a short prayer. Mrs. R. Furrs read the presidential message from the missionary monthly, "The Decision of a Great People." This was followed by a hymn. Mr. Becker explained the chapter in the mission Study Book entitled "Bubbling Springs in Bic." The meeting closed by repeating the mizpah. Mrs. Baird served a very dainty luheh. A vote of thanks was tendered to the hostess for her hospitality.

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GRACE UNITED CHURCH

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9.30—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m.—Morning worship. Sermon, "The Value of Religion."
11.45 a.m.—Sunday school.
7 p.m.—Public Worship. Sermon, "Knowing and Doing."
Monday, 7.30 p.m.—Young People's League.
Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.—Bible Study and Prayer Meeting.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

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Card of Thanks.

The family of the late George Whittington wish to thank their friends for the kindness shown them during the illness and death of their father, especially Mr. and Mrs. Casey Denison.

The Vote in Ernestown.

For Reeve—

MILLER	556
Peters	397

For Deputy-Reeve—

SMITH	634
Loyst	302

For Councillor—

KENNY	349
AYLSWORTH	335
CREIGHTON	335
D. O. Frink	299
J. E. Miller	299
Sexsmith	227
Mrs. Frink	177
Ruttan	32

Rachael Jane Connolly.

Widow of the late John Lowry, passed away on Friday morning at her residence on Dundas street. Mrs. Lowry had been in failing heath for some time. She was confined to her bed but two days. She was the eldest daughter of the late Joseph Connolly, of Yarker and had been a resident for a long number of years. For nearly half a century she was an active worker in the Ladies' Aid of Trinity Church. Two daughters, Mrs. Wm. Burns, of New York, and Mrs. E. J. Pollard, Napanee, and one son, Mr. Jos. Lowry of Montreal, survive. Messrs. Alfred and Fenwick Connolly, Yarker, are brothers, and Mrs. John Charles and Mrs. Dr. Oldham, of Yarker, are sisters. The funeral took place from her late residence on Monday afternoon.

Lewis-Freedman.

Exquisite in every detail were the nuptials on December 30th, which united in marriage Anna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Freedman, Toronto, and Dr. Leslie Lewis, Napanee, Ont., son of Mr. and Mrs. I. Lewis, Hamilton, Ont., by Rabbi M. H. Levi, assisted by the Rev. Dr. K. Brusteen. The impressive ceremony was performed at the Men of England Synagogue, at half after six o'clock. Modernistic light brackets adorned the pulpit, furnishing soft illumination for the beautiful setting. The wedding music was played by Mrs. H. A. Lewis, sister-in-law of the groom, who wore a pink georgette gown heavily beaded with green tulle falling from the shoulder to the hem of the skirt. The bride was extremely lovely as she traversed the aisle on the arm of her father who gave her in marriage. Her bridal robe of ivory satin was simply fashioned, with a drape falling to her ankle, lined with shell pink georgette, and long tight sleeves of ivory satin, forming a V at the wrists. Her crown of lovely Carriemakrose lace and long filmy tulle veil was held in place by the old traditional orange blossoms. Her flowers were a bouquet of orchids, butterfly roses and lilies of the valley. Mrs. M. J. Perlman, sister of the bride, was matron of honor. She wore a stunning gown of pink transparent velvet and tulle of the same color, and pink satin slippers. An arm bouquet of Sweetheart roses and baby's breath tied with pink satin ribbon completed her costume. The bridesmaids, Miss Ethel Traister, of Hamilton, and Miss Mign Kates were gowned alike in faille taffeta with basque waist and full skirt, which hung longer at the back. Their slippers were of silver kid and they carried old fashioned nosegays of roses, mums, and baby's breath. Mr. J. J. Lewis, brother of the groom, attended as best man, and the groomsmen were Mr. A. Freedman, brother of the bride, and Mr. K. Koskey, B.A. Mr. I Kushner, Mr. M. Miller, Mr. H. A. Lewis and Mr. M. J. Perlman acted as ushers. Mrs. Freedman chose for her daughter's wedding a rose and gold crepe gown, heavily beaded, and wore rose satin slippers. Mrs. Lewis, mother of the groom, wore a black crepe Romaine beaded gown, with satin slippers. Both matrons wore shoulder corsages of orchids and roses. Dinner and reception was held afterwards at Old Spain to one hundred and fifty guests. The out of town guests were Mr. and Mrs. M. Miller, and Mr. and Mrs. Abesson and daughter, of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. H. Cohen, of Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. B. Kushner, Bay City, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. I. Kushner, and Mr. Chas. S. Rose, of New York City; Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Miller, Mr. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. G. Goldblatt, Mr. Wm. Schrieber, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Traister, all of Hamilton. Dr. and Mrs. Lewis left later for Detroit and points west. On their return they will reside in Napanee, Ont.

A small "Want Adv." in the columns of The Napanee Express will bring results.

Card of Thanks.

I wish to thank the friends and supporters who voted for me in the municipal elections.

J. V. TOPPING.

Card of Thanks.

The family of the late Mrs. John Lowry wish to take this opportunity of expressing their sincere thanks to their friends and neighbors for the many acts of kindness shown them during the illness and death of their mother, also for the floral tributes.

Broadcasting Napanee.

Napanee talent is being secured to put on the Napanee broadcasting program from station C KGW on January 23rd. A five minute address on the advantages and beauty of Napanee will also be given. The full programme for the event will be given next week when the committee in charge have completed the necessary arrangements.

Election of Officers.

At the annual meeting of the Public Library, held Monday evening, January 14th, the following officers were elected for 1929 :

President—W. S. Herrington.
Sec.-Treas.—E. J. Walters.
Librarian—Miss Lucy Edwards.
Auditor—T. B. Wallace.
Board of Directors—W. S. Herrington, J. W. Robinson, W. P. Deroche, E. J. Walters, E. J. Corkill, T. B. Wallace, Jas. Moffatt, L. S. Beattie.

The Late Jas. Stark.

The remains of the late James Stark, of Mitchelton, Sask., a former well-known resident of Napanee, arrived here on Saturday. Mr. Stark was for years a clerk in the grocery store owned by the late Mr. Henry Kelly, and some years ago, with his wife and sons, went west and took up land at Mitchelton, Sask., where the family have been very successful. Two sons, Messrs. Wm. and Robt. Stark, accompanied the remains to Napanee.

Nu-Way Optical Co., Toronto.

By means of a newly patented scientific device you can test your own eyes free of charge. You can have correct reading, distance or double vision glasses, at a saving of $10.00 or more. The company guarantees these glasses fitted with the latest style of frames and complete with a serviceable case, to be satisfactory and exactly as ordered, or money refunded. Apply to

C. J. PAPINEAU.
Authorized Representative.
52 West St. Napanee, Ont.
8-a

Amherst Island Election Presented Keen Contest.

The municipal election resulted in the following being elected to office for the year 1929 : Reeve A. N. Hilsdins ; Councillors, H. C. Willard, Joseph Hogeboom, Wesley Brown, and W. A. Scott. There were two contestants for the Reeveship and seven for Councillors. The election was hotly contested, especially for the office of chief magistrate ; the township being nearly all canvassed by the two aspirants, in the two weeks previous to the election, and the cars commandeered by them were kept quite busy until closing time, hauling the voters to the polls.

Cree Indian Reciter Passes Away in West.

The death of Mrs. Russell Mark, formerly well-known as Frances Nickawa, the Cree Indian reciter, is announced from Vancouver, where her burial took place on January 3rd. Miss Nickawa had toured England and Australia as well as Eastern Canada, and was an interpreter of Pauline Johnson's works. She belonged to the northern or Wood Crees and her early education was received at Norway House Mission, northern Manitoba. A few years ago she appeared in Grace United Church, Napanee, during the pastorate of Rev. A. J. Terrill, and was much beloved by a host of admirers who will be sorry to learn of her death.

Marjorie C. Meyers,

Beloved wife of Mr. Volney Woods, of Roblin, passed away on Friday morning. Mrs. Woods contracted a severe cold about three weeks ago, which later developed into pneumonia, and although everything possible was done to stay the disease it was of no avail. The late Mrs. Woods was the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Meyers, Napanee. She graduated as a nurse from a New York hospital and practiced her profession here until her marriage to Mr. Woods. Her untimely death cast a gloom over this community where she was beloved by a wide circle of friends. Besides her bereaved husband she leaves her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Meyers, and one sister, Miss Agnes, to whom the sincere sympathy of the community goes out. The funeral took place on Sunday from her father's residence, Bridge street west.

A Sudden Call.

The many friends of Miss Sara McGuin were shocked to hear on Thursday morning, January 10th, 1929, that she had suddenly passed away that morning. She had been in her usual health until the evening before when she complained of not feeling very well. A doctor was summoned, but he did not consider her case serious, but in the early morning she was taken suddenly worse and passed away. She was the eldest daughter of Mr. F. C. McGuin, and formerly resided at Morven and Napanee, but a short time after the death of her mother she moved to Philadelphia to reside with her sister, Mrs. J. C. Perry, who survives her. The remains were accompanied to Napanee by her nephew, Mr. Fred Perry, and niece Mrs. Kathleen Perry Ashton. Interment took place in the family plot at Morven. Rev. Seymour, of Morven, conducted the burial service.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. Harry Pawson, Minister.

Services Sunday, Jan. 20th :—
10.30 a.m.—Public Worship.
Sunday school 11.45 a.m.
7 p.m.—Public Worship.
11.45—Sunday School.
Monday, 7.30 p. m.—Young People's League.
Official Board Tuesday, Jan. 22nd, at 7.30.
Annual meeting of Ladies' Aid Jan. 23rd, at 3 p.m.
Mid-week bible class, Jan. 23rd at 7.30 p.m.
Annual congregational meeting Thursday, January 24th, at 7.30.

Mrs. Walter Smith.

Mrs. Walter Smith passed away on Friday, January 4th, 1929, at the home of her sister, Mrs. A. S. Rombough, Spokane, Wash., after a lingering illness. Mrs. Smith, before her marriage, was Mabel Harmer, a sister of Mrs. F. S. Scott, Napanee. She leaves to mourn her loss four sons and one daughter, also one sister, Mrs. H. Scott, Yakima, Wis., three brothers, Alfred at Seattle, and Raymond of Yakima, Wis., and Senator Wm. Harmer, Ottawa.

Installation of Officers.

Monday night was gala night in Argyll Lodge when the officers of Queen of Sheba Rebekah Lodge, No. 254, were installed. Sister Agnes Watson, District President, being the installing officer. The officers installed were :

Sister Estella Snider, N. G.
Sister K. Huffman, V. G.
Sister Edna Hull, Rec. Sec.
Sister Irene Wagar, Treas.
Sister Laura Garrett, Fin. Sec.
Sister Louise Mann, Warden.
Sister Frances Mills, Cond.
Sister Helen Douglas, R.S.N.G.
Sister Maggie Coates, L.S.N.G.
Sister Norriene Loucks, R.S.V.G.
Sister Bertha Oliver, L.S.V.G.
Sister Mollie Allingham, Chap.
Sister Anna Huffman, I.G.
Sister Minnie Birrell, O.G.

After installation the degree team of Louise Lodge No. 10, of Kingston, conferred the beautiful Rebekah degree in a most efficient and pleasing manner.. It would be hard indeed to find a team who could do so well, and the degree master is to be congratulated. On lodge being closed a splendid banquet was served in the dining hall.

Maple Leaf Anti Freeze !

Drive up to our side door and let us fill your radiator. The mixture costs about 40c. a gallon and can't freeze. We test too, without charge. Wallace's, agents for Maple Leaf Anti freeze.

INTERESTING MEETING OF WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

On Tuesday, January 8th, the first meeting in 1929 of the Women's Institute was held, with a large attendance. Mrs. Ham, in her usual capable manner, conducted the business.

Mrs. Haggerty, once more, in a very admirable paper, reviewed the news of the day.

Of special interest to all was a travelogue around the world as told by Mrs. J. W. Robinson. Beginning at New York, from where the ocean liner sailed with bands playing and crowds cheering, she described her experiences in such a graphic manner, that everyone in the audience imagined that they too were taking the trip of 28400 miles during the months of January to April. The first port of call was the Madiera Islands, with its linens so dear to the housewife's heart. A short stop at the historic Gibralter was followed by inland trips to places of unusual interest in the countries of southern Europe, and also Egypt, in Africa, India, Java, China and Japan, where the party an opportunity to visit many places of interest in ancient history and modern times. In mid-Pacific, the port of call was the tropical Hawaiian Islands, so dear to the heart of all tourists. Then through the Panama canal, for which the toll was $10,000, brought the touring party to Cuba. A few days sail ended the world cruise when the liner again docked at New York, after a four months' trip with twenty-six ports of call. Her vivid description of each place of interest was supplemented by many humorous experiences. Her narration of a visit to Monte Carlo, and the journey into the African desert where the party spent a night at the home of a wealthy shiek, gave each one present an echo of the thrills which she experienced.

The time was all too short to describe a globe encircling cruise and the ladies owe Mrs. Robinson a debt of gratitude for her wonderful address.

Arrangements were then made for the ever popular Mother and Daughter Banquet to be held on January 31st. A very attractive programme, with a Department speaker, is being prepared.

ASSURANCE

THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

MASTERS-TIERNEY MOTOR SALES
FULL MOTOR EQUIPMENT
WALL PAPERS, WINDOW SHADES

The many friends of Mrs. Mack Fralick, nee Miss Tillie Saul, will be pained to learn of her death which occurred in Calgary, Alta., on Dec. 26th.

Mr. James P. Byers, of Gananoque, was taken from a train at Napanee, on Friday suffering from a stroke of paralysis, and died on the way to a Kingston Hospital.

A survey of current publications places the Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal in the lead for variety and quality of reading. Always recognized as a steady guide and counsellor to the farmer the survey proclaims it almost as equally popular in urban homes.

Mr. Gerald Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Smith, formerly of Napanee, has successfully passed his final examination as Osgoode Hall, standing fifteenth in a class of one hundred and twenty-five. Mr. Smith commenced the study of law in the office of U. M. Wilson, C.C.A. before going to Toronto to study at Osgoode Hall.

Nevertheless I tell you the truth, it is expedient for you that I go away ; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you, but if I depart, I will send Him unto you. And when He is come, He will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness and of judgment ; of sin, because they believe not on me. Of righteousness because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more ; of judgment because the Prince of this world is judged. I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit when he, the spirit of truth is come, he will guide you into all truth—John 16-7-13.

A BIBLE LOVER.

No Change in the Price

Hair Cut 35c.

FRED S. SCOTT

BARBER and TOBACCONIST

John St.

One door south of Express Office.)

The Business of Agriculture

FARMING is more than an occupation ; it is a highly commercialized business which requires careful planning and thoughtful execution. Bountiful production is necessary but much effort is wasted unless the business of disposing of the year's output is properly managed. In conducting the business of the farm, The Canadian Bank of Commerce can play a prominent and useful part. Consult the manager and learn how true co-operation between banking and agriculture builds a more prosperous community.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

with which is amalgamated

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

SELRITE STORES

In offering the public Genuine Values throughout the year 1928, it has made it our most successful year, and has afforded us the opportunity of giving

Bigger and More Sensational Values for 1929

Sale Starts Saturday, Jan. 19th Ending Jan. 26th.

Our Bill, which will be delivered to your home, will speak for itself. It will save you money. Watch for it.

WE SELL RIGHT.

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

Johnny Hines is seen as a seagoing comedian in his latest First National picture, "The Wright Idea."

Also a 2-reel comedy.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

George Bancroft's third successive starring picture for Paramount, "The Docks of New York."

Also a good comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

"Excess Baggage," William Haines' new starring picture is the most natural motion picture in which he has ever appeared.

Also a special comedy.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop

Napanee's Leading Theatre

The Home of Good Photo Plays

Paisley House, Wednesday, Jan. 16th.

J. B. KNIGHT

Will display a complete line of ladies and gents'

HAIR GOODS

including Patent Structures

Advice on all Scalp Ailments and the use of Inecto Rapid.

Phone Hotel for Appointment

The W. T. Pember Stores Limited

129 YONGE ST., TORONTO, ONTARIO

"FREE"

Extra Trousers GRATIS

During this Month with Made-to-Measure Suits.

Beautiful Fabrics, Novel and Exclusive.

Chas. Giles

Oddfellows Block, 'Phone. 388.

Sun Life Policyholders To Receive Special Bonus

In addition to regular dividends in 1929 of approximately $17,500,000

Office of the President,
MONTREAL, January 8, 1929

To Our Policyholders:

We have just completed another wonderful year, with profit earnings never before equalled. Our Directors have therefore inaugurated the principle of allowing a Special Bonus on maturing participating policies. The basis for 1929 may be summarized as follows:

On policies ten years in force, maturing by death or (on 'reserve dividend' policies) by the expiry of the reserve dividend period, a bonus of 10 per cent of the reserve, increasing yearly to 15 per cent on policies in force twenty years or longer; on endowments, at maturity, a bonus of 10 per cent of the face value of policies ten years in force, increasing yearly to 15 per cent on policies in force twenty years or longer.

Details will be given in the forthcoming annual report.

This special bonus is in addition to, and independent of, the usual annual profit distribution, the scale for which, for the ninth consecutive year, will again be increased.

We congratulate our members on this happy announcement. It has been made possible only by the large profits earned on the securities selected for the investment of the Company's funds.

As ninety-five per cent of all surplus earned by the participating assurances accrues to our policyholders themselves, they enjoy practical mutuality, combined with the enterprise and stability of stock management. The effect of this combination is evidenced by the results.

T. B. Macaulay,
President.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

Head Office - Montreal

ALUMINUM ORE EMPLOYEES ENJOYS PARTY AT PLANT

A day never to be forgotten by the children, both old and young, whose daddies are employed at the Aluminum Ore Company, at East St. Louis, U. S. A., was enjoyed last Thursday. Shortly after the noon hour the children began to arrive at the building set aside for their entertainment and long before the appointed hour more than one thousand boys and girls along with their mothers were assembled in the spacious dining hall ready for the entertainment to which they so eagerly look forward each year.

Both mothers and children were supplied with brightly colored paper caps and favors as they entered the hall, which was very elaborately decorated for the festive occasion in holiday attire. It is none other than George Kreitner to whom the honor and praise for such an attractive hall must be given, for George worked untiringly in his efforts to transform the commonplace dining hall into a festive hall.

The program which had been arranged was an exceptionally fine one from beginning to end, and the children remained orderly and paid very close attention throughout the entire hour and twenty minutes of entertainment. After the Aluminum Ore Company orchestra had played several popular airs, the entire audience joined in singing Sir Andy Ferris as their competent director and Miss Florence Mulligan as accompanist.

R. F. Hucker, superintendent of the company, gave a very short address of welcome. Then followed Miss Alice Louise Slocomb's solos, with her mother, Mrs. Geo. Slocomb, as her accompanist.

Miss Lillian Bloemker entertained with a reading and Anna Marie and Marjorie Kraessig, the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Kraessig, entertained with a clog dance and ukulele duet, accompanied by Miss Josephine Coosey. Several selections were also given by the Aluminum Ore Company quartette, composed of Messrs. Paris, Maile, B. Smith and W. Graebe.

The children were especially interested in the antics of the clown team provided for their special amusement and all declared the wonderment at the clever manouvers of Prof. Meyers, the magician.

Santa Claus then arrived making his appearance at the close of the very last act, and of course, was very highly acclaimed by the smaller children. Due to the fact that a new loud speaker had been installed in the hall it was a very easy matter for the performers to be heard distinctly in every corner.

A dainty luncheon, consisting of turkey sandwiches, ice cream, cakes, coffee and milk, was then served and everyone declared the "eats" first rate. This wholesome repast was prepared by Mrs. Ophelia Rogers, who is charge of the cafeteria section.

As the children passed out of the building they were handed boxes of candy by Old Santa himself, who wished them all a Happy New Year and invited them back again next year.

This children's party, the 11th annual affair of its kind, was planned and carried out under the direct supervision of Duncan C. Smith, superintendent of personal relations, and his able assistant, N. H. Clemens. Both Mr. Clemens and Mr. Smith spend much time and effort in making this party a great success for all.

It was Mr. C. B. Fox, president of the Aluminum Ore Company, who first thought of the plan of having an annual Christmas party for the children eleven years ago, and each year he has been on hand to greet the "happy family" of boys and girls.

CAMDEN EAST

School has re-opened after the Christmas holidays.

The January meeting of the W. M. S. was held on Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. J. W. Stewart.

Miss Jessie Saul, nurse-in-training at Niagara Falls, N. Y., arrived home on Friday last.

Miss Bessie Stedman, Kingston, visited her friend, Miss Helen Williams, recently.

Miss Cecelia Osler has resumed her studies at London University.

Those who have been suffering from grippe or flu have nearly all recovered.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Spencer, of Pennsylvania, U. S. A., were guests of the former's parents, Rev. R. W. and Mrs. Spencer, for several days.

The monthly meeting of the Ladies' Aid was held on Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. James Skinner with a fair attendance. Plans were made for the annual oyster supper to be held the latter part of January.

Mrs. S. L. Williams is spending a few days with her sisters at Harrowsmith.

Relatives here of the late Mrs. Fralick, of Calgary, Alta., received the sad news of her sudden death on December 26th. Deceased was formerly Miss Tillie Saul.

The A. Y. P. A. held a euchre and dance in the Parish hall on Thursday evening.

Mr. Peter Tompkins is confined to his home and under the doctor's care.

Mrs. Paul has arrived from the west to visit her father, Mr. Geo. Black.

Archie Hinch is home again from the United States to spend the winter here.

CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA.

One of the events of last week, as far as the women of Ontario are concerned, was the visit to the Provincial Cabinet of a deputation of ladies from the meeting of the Provincial Council of Women, which was held in Toronto. The deputation strongly urged mental hygiene research and expressed a hope that the Government would supplement money given for the object of discovering ways and means of lessening the number of mentally deficient and mentally unbalanced persons. The teaching of music in the schools, the necessity of children being taught the danger of alcoholic drinks, the improvement of homes in the crowded parts of the cities, were among the petitions brought by the deputation. Four petitions with regard to the Marriage Act were brought to the Cabinet. They asked that the age of marriage with the consent of parents be raised to 16 years, and the legal age without consent of both parents be 21 years; that the consent of mother as well as father be necessary under 21 years; that each party to a marriage have the legal right to a certificate of health from the other party. The deputation received a courteous and favorable hearing from Hon. George S. Henry, Minister of Finance, acting for Hon. Howard Ferguson.

• • •

At a recent meeting of one of the Women's Institutes in Lennox after an address had been given on the history of the district by a member of the Kingston Historical Society, the district president threw out a suggestion that may bear fruit. It was to collect material from the district which is particularly rich in historical interest, and has many relics of the Empire Loyalist homes, and to store the articles thus collected in a house by the roadside, which is itself of very great interest historically, and to make a museum, which would preserve the relics of old days and be an attraction to tourists.

• • •

In the latter part of February the Kingston Art and Music Club will put on an exhibition of Canadian handicraft, including pottery and home crafts of various kinds. From Lansdowne, Gananoque, and the surrounding district will come rugs and quilts made from the famous old patterns. At least three Institutes in Lennox and Addington will send contributions and others probably find that they have some thing which will be of interest. In this column we have tried somewhat successfully to arouse in the rural women an interest in handicrafts with the two-fold object of developing the latent talents in the farm homes and making them a source of income, and also to provide an attraction for the tourist who is visiting now in increasingly large numbers. When we are on our travels we all like to bring home souvenirs of the countries we visit. The American tourist like to say, "This is the rug, quilt, woven blanket, etc., I got in Canada this summer." It would be a good plan for the ladies on the farm who are thinking of making articles for the tourist trade, to visit the exhibit of handicrafts, both to compare their work with others and to get new ideas. Next summer at least two tourists lodges on the highway will sell articles on commission encouraged thereto by the papers which carry this column and we see that "Bride Broder," in the Mail and Empire has heard of our efforts and commends them heartily.

• • •

What wonder will we hear next? Did you see that we are to eat oysters with perfect safety, whether there is an "R" in the month or not? This is the result of three years' research of the Biological Board of Canada and Prof. A. G. Huntsman assures us that the new refrigeration method will not in any way effect the taste of perishable food. Sea salmon will be as if it were just caught, and the lover of lobster will be able to get the real thing. In other words you can have a "shore dinner" anytime you have the price without going to the seaside.

• • •

The women of Canada are getting ready for the annual Empire Shopping week. In Toronto the National Council of Women, the I.O.D.E., and the Girl Guides are among the societies interested. A copy of a "Book of Empire Dinners" has been received by some people. It has been compiled by twenty-four expert chefs, including the chefs to Their Majesties the King and Queen, the Prince of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of York. The menues show that there is no day in the year that you cannot, if you will, supply your table with an excellent dinner for which every article has been bought in the Empire. We should make a rule to buy in our home community, if possible, within Canada, when possible, and certainly within the Empire.

• • •

A grandmother whom we know who likes a small grandson who is sometimes carelessly picked up by his wrists by his nurse, asked her doctor if it would in any way hurt the child. "Hurt him!" "Certainly it will," said the doctor. "I have children brought to me for X-Ray examination all the time whose parents have done such a foolish thing." The lady, who has the welfare of all little ones at heart, asks us to insert this into our column.

• • •

When the children are taking their lunch to school there is nothing so nice as a few cookies. Here is a recipe for filled cookies. One egg, one and one-half cups of sugar, three-quarters of a cup of butter and lard, mixed; one half a cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, two of vanilla, flour to roll. Filling: Two cupsful of ground seeded raisins, one half cup of water, one half cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of butter, one half tablespoonful of flour to thicken. Let boil five minutes and spread between the cookies.

HEALTH SERVICE OF THE CANADIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

ARE WE HEALTHIER ?

Because of the tendency to glorify the past, belittle the present and bewail the future, many persons are quite sure that we do not compare favorably with past generations in any way. Yet, we find a distinguished English scholar stating in a review of conditions in England, that "above all, there has been an amazing transformation in the health of the people, for whom life is wider, better and longer, and death is more remote."

This conclusion is supported by a comparison of cbnditions in the year 1838 with those in the year 1926. In England and Wales, in 1838, the general death rate was 22.0; in 1926, 11.5. This means that in 1926, there were more than ten less deaths for every thousand of the population than there were in 1838. In other words, in this period of time, the general death rate has been cut in half. During the same period in London, the death rate of children under five years has decreased to about one-third of what it was. The result of this is that the expectancy of life at birth has been increased by over twelve years.

This represents something which is not generally appreciated, and yet it has not happened by chance. It has come about because of the interest of government in the well-being of the people, and because during these years we have had given to us the means wherewith to control some diseases and to promote the health of the human race.

It is a fact that we to-day live longer, suffer less from disease, and enjoy a larger measure of health than ever before. Remarkable as this progress has been, there remains much more to be done, because we are not by any means using all the power available to fight disease and promote health. More years of health will be ours if we will make the necessary effort to gain them.

Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College Street, Toronto, will be answered personally by letter.

SPITALFIELDS MARKET.

Has Every Known Improvement In Market Methods.

The finest fruit and vegetable market in the world, that at Spitalfields, was opened recently by the Queen says an exchange.

Spitalfields has been a market since 1602, and for centuries consisted only of a small gathering of retailers. Even seventy years ago it still was insignificant, and the former proprietors found difficulty in selling their right. Eventually a Mr Horner, a poor salesman, bought the rights himself, for he could find none of his colleagues doing business there will sufficient faith in the future to assist him in the purchase.

Horner with a fortune. The market became a growing centre of wholesale distribution, and ultimately the Corporation of London bought him out, for some £50,000.

To-day the market deals with 1,500 tons of produce a day. Vast improvements have been made on all the old difficulties of access have been thoroughly considered. The total area of roadways surrounding the market, part of which will be used as "lay bys," will be about 4½ acres, providing accommodation for be.ween four and five hundred vehicles at one time.

The gross extension is about 38,220 feet on the ground floor and upwards of 101,000 feet in the basement. When completed the market will have a total warehouse frontage to the streets of 2,900 feet, and the aggregate frontage of the warehouses and stands will exceed one and a half miles.

Some of the chief items in the total capital expended are, the freehold, £183,855; leasehold, £229,322 property for the extension, £255,931; and rebuilding, £151,828. The total capital sum, namely, £2,000,000, is secured on the rates, which may be drawn upon up to threepence in the pound, but when the market is operating fully it is anticipated that the rates will no longer be called upon.

Newspaper Sleeves.

The newspaper sleeve is an unusual model because it had an unusual inspiration. In Florence a few weeks ago some American women were turned out of the St. Maria Novello Church because their arms were bare. Being truly "American" the tourists left and returned a few minutes later with their arms encased in newspapers. One "sleeve" newspaper looked so striking that it inspired the new creation, which seems likely to be a big success.

PERSONALS

Mr. W. C. Ellison, Buffalo, N.Y., was the guest of his mother, Mrs. John Ellison, a few days last week.

Miss Marjorie Markle, Rochester, N.Y., spent the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Markle.

Messrs. Percy Laidley and Harry Babcock attended the furniture exhibition in Stratford and Kitchener last week.

Mrs. Frances Moffat, Rochester, N.Y., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Markle.

Mr. Killorin, Duluth, Minn., is visiting his father, Mr. Jas. Killorin.

Mrs. H. B. Curry, Winnipeg, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Shannon.

Mr. Fred Perry and Mrs. Kathleen Perry Ashton, Philadelphia, were the guests of their cousins, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Loyst, and aunts, Mrs. Jas. B. Miller and Mrs. Perry Deltor, during their short stay in town.

Mrs. Wm. Burns, New York, and Mr. Jos. Lowry, Montreal, are in Napanee to attend the funeral of their mother.

Dr. and Mrs. Leslie Lewis have returned from their honeymoon, and taken up permanent residence in Napanee.

Mr. Will Coates, Jr., spent last week with his aunt, Mrs. T. J. Naylor, in Deseronto.

Mr. Mayhew, Colborne, has been in town for a couple of weeks owing to the illness of his son, Mr. Douglas Mayhew.

Miss Helen Loyst, B.A., of the High School staff, Stirling, spent the week-end at home.

Mr. J. M. Hawkins, Toronto, spent the week-end the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Shannon.

Mr. H. J. Armstrong, B. Com., of Oshawa Collegiate Institute, spent the week-end with Mr. W. E. Loyst.

Mr. F. J. Roblin, of the Haines Shoe House, Napanee, and Mr. E. R. McBride, of the Haines Shoe House, Belleville, are in Montreal this week attending the National Shoe Retailers Convention, an annual affair, at the Mount Royal Hotel, doing their Spring buying.

BIRTHS

Damer—At Grace Hospital, in Vancouver, on December 27th, 1928, to Mr. and Mrs. W. Earle Damer (nee Marion Kayler) of 5976 Angus Drive, Point Grey, Vancouver, a son—Richard Grant.

MARRIAGES

Tullock — Brown — At Grace Church parsonage, on Monday, January 14th, 1929, by Rev. W. J. Wooden, Archibald Donald Tulloch, of Tyendinaga township, to Flossie Irene Brown, of Richmond township.

DEATHS

Gibbard—At Napanee, on Saturday, January 12th, 1929, George W. Gibbard, aged 44 years, and 1 month.

Lowry—At Napanee, on Thursday, January 14th, 1929, Rachael Jane Connolly, widow of the late John Lowry.

McGuin—At Philadelphia, Pa., on January 10th, 1929, Sarah McGuin, formerly of Napanee.

Pillar—At Newburgh, Thursday, January 10th, 1929, Sarah J. Pillar, aged 81 years, 9 months.

Stark—At Lake Johnston, Sask., on January 8th, 1929, James R. Stark, formerly of Napanee.

Woods—At Roblin, on Friday, January 11th, 1929, Marjorie C. Meyers, beloved wife of Volney Woods, aged 28 years, 5 months.

CAMDEN EAST

Mr. Ogden Hinch and Miss Jessie Saul were quietly married at the rectory on Thursday evening, January 11th. They left for Syracuse on their honeymoon. On their return they will reside on the groom's farm, about a mile from this village.

A sleigh load of institute workers drove to the home of W. Dunn where they held a social evening. After the business meeting dancing and cards were indulged in, returning home in the wee small hours in the morning.

Mr. Peter Tompkins is confined to the house under the doctor's care.

Mrs. Paul has arrived from the west to visit her brother in Kingston hospital, who is ill; also her father, Mr. Geo. Black.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Spencer, of Pennsylvania, U.S.A., were the guests of his parents at the rectery.

Miss C. Oster has returned to London University to resume her studies.

Mrs. Sid. Williams has returned home after spending a few days with her aunt, Mrs. L. Sigsworth, and Mrs. M. Orser, at Harrowsmith.

Archie Hinch is home for the winter months after spending some time at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.

The young people of this place are practising for a play to be given in February in the United Church hall.

THE LAST STRAW.

Interesting Story of Overcrowding of London's Poor.

Among the interesting stories told of overcrowding in the poorer parts of London, is one to be found the following:

In many of the poorer districts whole families have been known to be crowded into one room.

But not only that, for it has been known to the health authorities that not only a whole family have been found in one apartment, but in one rather large room four families have been found, one in each corner!

Worse than that, a case was known where not only was a family found in each corner, but here was also a family occupying the middle of the room.

And yet all went quietly and peaceably in the apartment until the family in the middle started to take in lodgers!

Overshoes Slashed !

Buy Your Overshoes Now for the Whole Family and Save Money.

MEN'S 1 BUCKLE CASHMERETTE Overshoes and some Wool Jersey. Clearing a.....	$1.89
MEN'S 2 and 3 BUCKLE CASHMERETTE OVERSHOES. Clearing at.....	$2.69
MEN'S HEAVY BEST GRADE Lumbermen's Rubbers, sizes 6 to 12. Red and Black Soles	$2.69
WOMEN'S SILK AND WOOL Jersey Overshoes. Reg. $3-95, Grey & Fawn. Clearing at	$2.95
WOMEN'S HIGH 4 BUCKLE OVERSHOES A real bargain. Clearing at	$1.95
WOMEN'S FELT BOOTS, all kinds leather foxed or plain. Clearing at.....	$1.95
CHILDREN'S and MISSES Coloured and Black Overshoes, high and low. Clearing at.....	$ 1.95
INDIAN MADE SNOW SHOES..... Clearing below cost at.....	$2.45
MEN'S REGULAR $1.25 and $1.50 MITTS Clearing at	$1.00

Look Over Our Bargains.

The Haines Shoe House,

Largest Dealers in Shoes in this district.

NAPANEE

ADOLPHUSTOWN

There has not been as much stir in years over municipal elections as this year. The veteran reeve, J. S. Johnston, was again successful. Of the twelve nominated for council, eight remained in the field. Those winning were Thos. Chalmers, A. B. Sexsmith, J. A. Humphrey, and G. A. Magee. Owing to the storm and the condition of the telephone system on the north side of the bay, it was impossible to get definite returns from that polling division on Monday evening, so the official returns were not known until a late hour on Tuesday.

Mr. J. B. Allison who has been very low with flu, is reported to be gaining and hope is now entertained for his recovery. His brother, Mr. Edward Allison, of Port Perry, passed away on Sunday. Mr. J. B. Allison is the only surviving member of a large family and he is in his ninetieth year. Mr. C. F. Allison attended the funeral of his uncle, which was held in Port Perry on Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. Ercell Foster returned on attended the funeral of his brother on Friday.

The violence of the epidemic around here seems to have abated as no new cases are reported and those who were ill are all convalescing and the schools have opened.

The weather continues very rough and stormy. Enough snow has fallen to make fair sleighing, if the wind has not blown it in drifts.

The Bay of Quinte has frozen over several times, only to be broken up with the violence of the wind.

A few have walked across Hay Bay.

PLAZA BARBER SHOP

(John Street)

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Complete barbering service for ladies and gentlemen

BERT. MOWERS

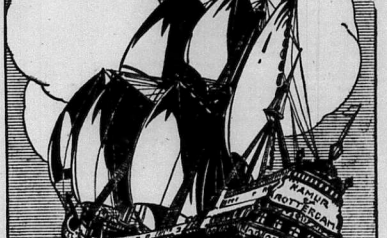
47-dp

Calendars and Diaries.

A suitable gift to keep track of the days and doings.

HOGARTH'S.

GET IT AT WALLACE'S



A Thrilling Pirate Yarn

Long before the slinking submarine took its toll of human lives and sought to strike terror into the hearts of those who sailed the ocean on peaceful missions, there existed another form of sea frightfulness in the Spanish buccaneers and pirates who roamed the broad expanse of blue in quest of treasure.

Wolves of the Sea

By RANDALL PARRISH

is a stirring account of the daring adventures of young Geoffry Carlyle, who joins the crew of a pirate ship. There is a treasure chest, a dark mystery aboard a derelict plague ship, the burning, vengeful hatred of "Black" Sanchez, and the constant bristling dangers of bloody fights, mutiny, storms and shipwrecks, before the hero finally wins freedom, fortune and happiness for himself and beautiful Dorothy Fairfax. If you enjoy stories of action and adventure read

Our New Serial!

WOLVES of the SEA

By RANDALL PARRISH

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(Continued from page 3.)

quite at home there, with all their washing out. Not a usual anchorage!"

"No, nor a particularly safe one, Travers' place in the night, I should say. We'll put up with him tonight. D—n me, Sanchez, I believe I'll nail the fellow and find out what he is doing in there."

Sanchez nodded, carelessly striking flint and steel in an effort to relight a cheroot.

He came about slowly. The distance to be covered was not great, and in less than ten minutes we were drawing in toward the high stern of the anchored vessel.

No evidence of life appeared on board, although everything looked shipshape slow and aloft, and a rather extensive wash flapped in the wind forward, bespeaking a generous crew. A moment later my eyes made out the name painted across the stern—Namur of Rotterdam.

Fairfax leaned far out across the rail as we swept in closer, but the Spaniard exhibited no particular interest in the pre-ordered hundred feet distant I held the dancing sloop to mere steerage-way, while Fairfax hailed.

A red-faced man with a black beard thrust his head up above the after rail and answered, using English, yet with a faint accent which was not Dutch.

"We ran down to see if you were in any trouble. This is a strange place to anchor. What are you—Dutch?"

The fellow waved his hands in a gesture indicating disgust.

"Dat's est. We're of Rotterdam—you see ze name ov ze sheep. But we not sail from dat dis time—no. We cum here from ze Barbadoes," he explained brokenly, "wiz cane sugar an' hides. Ve vait here for our agent."

"But why anchor in a place like this? Why not go on up to the wharves?"

"Ve not? For siz—I no trust my crew ashore. Zay Vest Indy niggers, an' vud run away ven ze chance•cum. I know vat zay do."

In spite of my efforts the two vessels were drifting rapidly apart. Dorothy appeared at the door of the cabin and stood there gazing in surprise at the bark, while the moment he caught sight of her Sanchez went hastily forward, removing his hat with so peculiar a flourish as he approached as to cause me to notice the gesture.

Fairfax waved his hand to me to resume our course. Shortly after he crossed the deck to the wheel. There he stood watching the bark for some time.

"What do you make of her, Carlyle?" he asked finally. "I believe that fellow lied."

"So do I, sir," I answered promptly. "Whatever else he may be, he's no peaceful Dutch trader. That fellow got his accent from south Spain. If he was loaded with cane sugar and hides for market he wouldn't be nearly so high out of water. That bark was in ballast or I miss my guess. Besides if he was a trader where was his crew? I tell you the men on board that hooker had orders to keep down."

"I believe you are right," he admitted frankly. "There is something wrong there. I'll tell Travers and have him send a runner overland to give warning below."

CHAPTER VI.

The Mysterious Sail.

Where I leaned alone against the rail my eyes followed the Spaniard in doubt and questioning, nor could I entirely banish from mind Staley's description of that buccaneer bearing a similar name. Yet, in spite of my unconscious desire to connect these two together, I found it simply impossible to associate this rather soft-spoken, effeminate dandy with that bloody villain.

It was already quite dusk when we finally drew in beside Travers' wharf and made fast. Our approach had been noted and Travers himself—a white-haired, white-bearded man, yet still hearty and vigorous, attired in white duck—was on the end of the dock to greet us, together with numerous servants of every shade of color, who immediately busied themselves toting luggage up the steep path leading toward the house, standing conspicuous amid a grove of trees on the summit of the bank. The others followed, four fellows lugging with difficulty an iron-bound chest, the two older men engaged in earnest conversation, thus leaving Sanchez apparently well satisfied with the opportunity alone to assist the girl.

Except to render the sloop completely secure for the night there remained little else for us to perform on board. The evening passed the early evening in pleasant smoking and talking together, and the time passed quickly, and I must have been nearly midnight before we brought out blankets from the forecastle and lay down in any spot we chose on deck.

It was a fair, calm night, not moonless, with but little wind stirring, and a slight haze in the air obscuring the

GET IT AT WALLACE'S

Eyes Followed the Spaniard.

vision. The others must have fallen asleep immediately. At last, despairing of slumber, and perchance urged by some premonition of danger, I arose to my feet and moved silently aft.

My startled eyes caught a glimpse of a speck of white emerging from the black shadows—the spectral gleaming of a small sail. The strange craft swept past, so far out that those on board no doubt believed themselves beyond sight from the shore, heading apparently for a point of land, which I vaguely remembered as jutting out to the northward.

CHAPTER VII.

The Lieutenant Unmasked.

Where the craft could be bound; for what secret purpose it was afloat; who were aboard, were but so many unanswerable questions arising in my mind. Where could it have come from, unless from that strange Dutch bark? If it really came from the Namur of Rotterdam had it been sent in answer to some signal by Sanchez? I could think of nothing else. I determined to assure myself as to the identity of these strangers. If they had actually landed it would require only a few moments to ascertain the truth. The distance proved somewhat greater than anticipated, because of the deep curve in the shore and I had nearly reached the conclusion that the boat must have rounded the point and gone on when suddenly I was brought to a halt by a voice speaking in Spanish—one of those harsh croaking voices never to be reduced to a whisper.

"Not the spot Manuel? Of course it is; do you not suppose I know? This is the place and now there is nothing to do but wait. The senor—he will be here presently."

"Ay, unless you misread the signal, a somewhat more discreet but piping voice replied doubtfully. "I saw nothing of all you tell about, Estada."

The two men went on to discuss plans evidently communicated to Estada by Sanchez from England. I was about to creep nearer, when a newcomer moved past me scarcely a yard distant, along the narrow strip of sand. Directly opposite my covert he paused.

"Estada." He spoke the name cautiously.

"Ay, captain," and another figure emerged noiselessly from the gloom. "We await you."

"Good. I rather questioned if you caught my signal. I was watched and obliged to exercise care. How many have you here?"

"Four, senor, with Manuel Estevan."

"Quite sufficient. How is it here? Are there suspicions?"

"None, senor. We have cruised outside most of the time. There is no warships in these waters. You said you were being watched on the sloop. Are you known?"

"A dog of a servant who came ever with us—one of Monmouth's brood. The fellow watches me like a hawk. We had some words aboard and there is hate between us."

"May I ask your plans, senor?"

"Yes, I am here to explain. This planter, Fairfax has returned from England with a large sum. It is in gold and notes. It represents the proceeds of the tobacco crop of himself and a number of his neighbors. Without doubt it will be upward of fifty thousand pounds. This still remains in his possession, but a part will be dispersed tomorrow; so if we hope to gain the whole we must be so now. Everything is ready, and there is not the slightest suspicion of danger—not even a guard set over the treasure."

"Then it is at the house?"

"In an iron-bound chest, in the room assigned to Fairfax for the night. Only two servants sleep in the main house, the cook and a mate, both women. Fairfax is vigorous and will put up a fight if he has any chance. He must be taken care of before we does have any. Travers is an old man, to be knocked out with a blow. All we have to fear are those fellows on the sloop, and they will have to be attended to quietly without any alarm reaching the house. I am going to leave that job to you—it's not your first."

"The old sea orders, captain?"

"Ay, that will be quicker and surer." The voice hardened to sudden ferocity. "But, mark you, with one exception—the Englishman is not to be killed, if he can be taken alive. I would deal with him."

"Then after that," Sanchez went on deliberately, as though murder was of small account, "you will follow me up the bluff. Who are the others with you?"

"Cari Anderson, Pedro Mendez and Cochose."

"Well chosen; Mendez is the least valuable, and we will leave him with the prisoner at the boat. The old negro, Cochose, together with Manuel, can attend to Travers and the two negresses—they sleep below. That will leave you, and the Swede to get the chest. No firearms if they can be avoided. I have been over the house and drawn a diagram. You can look it over in the cabin of the sloop. The stairs lead up from the front hall. I will go with you to the door of Fairfax's room."

"And you, senor—the girl?"

"What know you of any girl?"

"That there was one on the deck of the sloop—an English beauty, I think, when you turned to greet her that you gave me the signal. I merely thought that perhaps—"

"Then stop thinking," burst forth Sanchez enraged. "Thinking has nothing to do with your work. If there is a girl I attend to her. Let that suffice. Dios! am I chief here, or are you? You have your orders; now obey them and hold your tongue. Bring the men up here."

The little band of men emerged from the concealment of the fog noiselessly. I could distinguish no faces, scarcely indeed the outlines of their separate forms in the gloom, but one was an unusually big fellow—Cochose.

"Lads," he said incisively, a sharper note of leadership in the tone "it has been a bit quiet for you lately; but now I am back again and we'll try our luck at sea once more."

There was a savage growl of response, a sudden leaning forward of dark figures.

"We'll begin on a job tonight. There are fifty thousand pounds for us in that house yonder, and I waive my share. Estada will explain to you the work I want done. By daylight we shall be on blue water, with our course set for Porto Grande. How is it, bullies, do you sniff at the salt sea?"

"Ay, ay, captain."

"And see the pretty girls waiting—and hear the chink of gold?"

"Ay, senor."

"Then do not fail me tonight—and remember it is to be the knife. Estada, I have forgotten one thing—scuttle the sloop before joining me. Tis better to make all safe; and now, strong arms, and good luck. Go to your task, and if one fails me it will mean the lash at the mast-butt."

They moved off one by one, Estada leading, along the narrow strip of sand, five of them, on their mission of murder. The leader remained alone, his back toward where I crouched, his eyes following their vanishing figures until the night had swallowed them.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Victory and a Defeat.

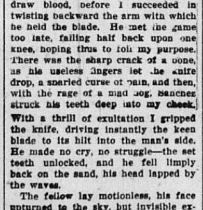
I arose silently to my feet, fully aware that all hope of thwarting this villainy lay in immediate action. Sanchez had turned slightly and stood with his face toward the bay. I ventured a cautious step forward and stood on the open sand, scarcely a yard to his rear. Some vague sense of my presence must have influenced the man, for he swung suddenly about, uttering a stifled cry of startled surprise, as we met face to face. For an instant we were locked so closely within each other's desperate grip, his head bent beneath my arm, with my fingers clutching at his throat to block any call for help, that he possessed no knowledge of his assailant's identity. But the man was like a tiger. The surprise of attack was to my advantage, yet almost before I realized what was being done he had rallied, broken my first hold, and his eyes were glaring straight into mine. Then he knew me, his free hand instantly grasping at his knife. Even as he jerked it forth I crushed his wrist within my fingers, forcing his forearm back. There was no outcry, no noise, except that of our heavy breathing and trampling feet. Personal hatred had an ascendency in both our hearts—I doubt if he ever thought of aught else but the desire to kill me there with his own hands. Only once did he even utter a word, hissing out the sentence as though it were a poison:

"To hell with you, you sneaking English cur!"

What followed has to me no clearness, no consistency. Never have I fought with deeper exhilaration than I needed every ounce of strength and every trick of wit and skill. Now I knew the fellow possessed greater knowledge of the game than I and a quicker movement; I excelled in weight of body and coolness of brain. Twice he pricked me deep enough to draw blood, before I succeeded in twisting backward the arm with which he held the blade. He met the game too late, failing half back upon one knee, hoping thus to foil my purpose. There was the sharp crack of a bone, as his useless fingers let the knife drop, a snarled curse of pain, and then, with the rage of a mad dog, Sanchez struck his teeth deep into my cheek.

With a thrill of exultation I gripped the knife, driving instantly the keen blade to its hilt into the man's side. He made no cry, no struggle—the set teeth unlocked, and he fell limply back on the sand, his head lapped by the waves.

The fellow lay motionless, his face upturned to the sky, but invisible except in dim outline. I rested my ear



Made No Cry, No Struggle.

over his heart, detecting no murmur of response; touched the veins of his wrist, but found there no answering throb of life.

With the death-dealing knife still gripped in my hand I raced forward along the narrow strip of sand, reckless of what I might encounter. I ran on until I reached the sloop. Through the gloom clambering the deck I could perceive only dim figures, a riot of men, battling furiously hand to hand, yet out of the ruck loomed though the darkness in larger outlines than the others—Cochose, the negro. I leaped at the fellow and struck with the keen knife, missing the heart but plunging the blade deep into the flesh of the shoulder. The next instant I was in a bear's grip, the very breath crushed out of me, yet, by some chance, my one arm remained free, and I drove the sharp steel into him twice before he forced the weapon from my fingers. I thrust an elbow beneath the brute's chin, and thus forced his head back until the neck cracked.

He was too strong, too immense of stature. Apparently unweakened by his wounds, the giant negro, thoroughly aroused, exerted his mighty muscles, and, despite my utmost effort at resistance, thrust me back against the stern rail, where the weight of his body pinned me helplessly. With a fierce, exultant laugh he drove his huge fist into my face, but happily was too close to give much force to the blow. My own hands, gripping the neckband of his coarse shirt, twisted it tight about the fellow's throat, and, in desperation, panting for breath, the huge brute actually lifted me in his arms and hurled me backward headlong over the rail, then overbalancing as I fell, yet rebounding from this splashed into the deep water and went down so nearly unconscious as to make not even the slightest struggle. And yet I came up once more to the surface, arising by sheer chance directly beneath the small dory—which my body must have struck as I fell—towing by the stern of the sloop, and fortunately retained sense enough to cling desperately to this first thing my hands touched, and thus remained concealed.

Then a dory caught in some current, floated at the very extremity of its slender towline, and in consequence the sloop appeared little more than a mere smudge, when my eyes endeavored to discover its outlines. Evidently the bloody work had been completed, for now all was silent on board. Then came the voice of Estada in a gruff inquiry:

"So you are hiding here, Cochose? What are you looking for in the sea?"

"What? Why that d——d Englishman. Mon Dieu! He fought me like a mad cat."

"The Englishman, you say? He was here then? It was he you battled with? What became of the fellow?"

"He went down there, senor. The dog stabbed me three times. It was either he or I to go."

"You mean you threw him overboard?"

"Ay, with his ribs crushed in, and not a breath left in his d——d body. He'll never come up even—I've watched and there has not been so much as a ripple where he sank."

The two must have hung in silence over the rail staring down. I dared not advance my head to look, nor even risk a muscle of my body in the water.

"How came you aft here?"

"Because that fellow leaped the rail from the wharf. I saw him, and we met at the wheel."

"From the wharf, you say? He was not aboard, then? Santa Maria! I know not what that may mean. Yet what difference, so he be dead. Antonio, Mendez, throw that carrion overboard—no, bullies, never mind; let them lie where they are, and sink an anger in the sloop's bottom. What is that cot yonder, Cochose?"

"A small boat, senor—a dory, I make it."

"Cut the rope and send it adrift. Now come along with me."

The boom of the sloop vanished slowly, as the slight current sweeping about the end of the wharf drifted the released boat to which I clung outward into the bay. There was scarcely a ripple on the sea, and yet I felt that the boat was steadily drifting out into deep water. I was still strangely weak, barely able to retain my grasp. Finally I mustered sufficient ounce of strength to utter one supreme effort and succeeded in dragging my body up out of water over the boat's stern, sinking helplessly forward into the bottom. The moment this was accomplished every sense deserted me, and I lay there motionless, totally unconscious.

I shall never know how long I remained thus. Yet this time could not have been great. As though awakening from sleep a faint consciousness returned. Then the sharp pain of my wounds, accented by the sting of salt water, brought me swift realization of where I was and the circumstances bringing me there. I had evidently lost considerable blood, yet this had already ceased to flow, and a very slight examination served to convince me that the knife slashes were none of them serious. My other injuries were merely bruises to add to my discomfort—the result of blows dealt me by Sanchez and Cochose, aggravated by the bearlike hug of the giant negro. Indeed, I awoke to the discovery that I was far from being a dead man; and, inspired by this knowledge, the various incidents of the night flashed swiftly back into my mind.

No gleam of light appeared in any direction; no sound echoed across the dark waste of water. It was clearly impossible for me to attempt any return to the wharf through the impenetrable black curtain which shut me in. What, then, could I do? What might I still hope to accomplish? Those fellows had swept the sloop clean, and had doubtless long ago scuttled it. They would suddenly find themselves leaderless, unguided. Would that suffice to stop them? Would the discovery of his body halt his followers and send them rushing back to their boat, eager to get safely away? This did not seem likely. Estada knew of my boarding the sloop from the wharf, and would at once connect the fact of my being ashore with the killing of Sanchez. This would satisfy him there was no further danger. Besides, these were not men to flee in panic. Surely not with that ruffian Estada yet alive to lead them, and the knowledge that fifty thousand pounds was yonder in that unguarded house, with no one to protect the treasure but two old men asleep, and the women. The woman—Dorothy! What would become of her? Into whose hands would she fall in that foul division of spoils? Estada's? And I, afloat and helpless in this boat, what could I do?

CHAPTER IX.

A Swim to the Namur.

All was black, hopeless; with head buried in my hands I sat on, a thwart, dazed. Before me, pleading, expressive of agonized despair, arose the sweet face of Dorothy Fairfax. No doubt by this time all was ready—the dead body of Sanchez discovered, the projected attack on the house carried out, the two old men left behind, either dead or severely wounded, and the girl herself a helpless prisoner. Ay, but this I knew; there was only one place to which the villains might flee with their booty—the Namur of Rotterdam. Only on that craft could they at sea would they be safe or able to enjoy their spoils. The thought came to me in sudden revelation—why not? Why should I not leap in the dory and follow them? With the riches dealt to man aboard that pirate craft could recognise me. I felt assured of this. I had fought the giant negro in the dark; he could not, during what remained of the counter, have distinguished my features any more clearly than I had his own. There was no one else to fear. If only I might once succeed in getting safely aboard the slightly dilapidated, perhaps, and mingle unnoticed among the crew, the chances were not bad for me to pass undetected. Such ships carried a large crew, and were constantly changing in personnel. A strange face appearing among them need not arouse undue suspicion. And I felt convinced I could locate the Namur. Surely I could be able to attain the ship in advance of the returning party of raiders? God helping me, I would try! My brain throbbed with fresh resolution—a call to action.

There were oars in the boat. I shipped the useless rudder inboard and chose my course from the stars. My boat had drifted considerably farther out than I had even supposed, and it required a good half hour of steady toil at the oars before I sighted ahead of me the darker outlines of the shore. At first I could distinguish nothing, but finally they suddenly arose, clearly defined, the gaunt limbs of a dead tree, bearing a faint resemblance to a gigantic cross, that had been pointed out on the sloop. This peculiar mark was at the extremity of the first headland lying north of the point itself, and consequently a straight course across the bay would bring me to her a dangerous feat, and I could approach and board her with far less chance of discovery in that manner than by the use of a boat. The greater danger would come after I had gained the deck, was in the skin. The sharp bow of the dory ran up on the soft sand of the beach, and I stepped ashore.

Then there came to me the first real consciousness of the helpless task ahead of this adventure. As I faced then the probabilities there scarcely seemed one chance in a hundred. And yet I must admit there was the one chance; I could not even think of that. I perceive even that much encouragement. If Dorothy Fairfax was already in the hands of these men, then my only opportunity for saving her life in any being close at hand. No alternative presented itself; no other effort could be effective. It was already too late to attempt the organization of a rescue party. No, the only chance there was for me either to accompany the girl or else abandon her entirely to her captors. I must either face the possibility of discovery and capture, which would mean instant torture and death, or otherwise play the coward and remain impotently behind. So I drove the temptation to falter away by striding up the bank into the black shadow of the trees.

I found extremely hard walking as I advanced through tangled underbrush. Fortunately the distance was even shorter than I had anticipated. It was not until after I had advanced cautiously into the water and then stooped low to thus gain clearer vision along the surface that I succeeded in locating the vessel sought. Even then the Namur appeared only as a mere shadow, without so much as a light showing aboard, yet apparently anchored in the same position as when I had last seen her previous afternoon. I waded straight out through the lines of surf, until all excepting the head became completely submerged. No one could approach me at all this was the one opportunity.

I stood there, resisting the undertow tugging at my limbs and barely able to retain my footing, intent upon my task, every muscle strained to the utmost to my muscles and my head was again clear. With strong, silent strokes I swam forward, directly breasting the force of the incoming sea, yet making fair progress. Some unconsidered current must have swept me to the right, for, when the outlines of the bark again became dimly visible through the darkness I found myself well to starboard of the vessel. Stroking well under water and with only my eyes exposed above the surface, I changed my course to the left and slowly and cautiously drew in toward the starboard bow. A few moments later, unperceived from above, and protected from observation by the bulge of the overhang and density of the shadow, my hands clung to the anchor hawser, my mind busy in devising some means for attaining the deck.

CHAPTER X.

On the Deck of the Namur.

It was here that fortune favored me, strengthening my decision and yielding a fresh courage to persevere. Forking out directly over where I clung desperately to the wet hawser,

Devising Some Means for Attaining the Deck.

my eyes were able to trace the bowsprit, the rather loosely furled up jib flapping ragged edges in the gusts of wind. Suddenly, as I stared upward, I became aware that two men were working their way out along the foot ropes, and, as they reached a point almost directly over my head, became busily engaged in tightening the gaskets to better secure the loosening sail. The foot of one slipped, and he hung dangling, giving vent to a stiff English oath before he succeeded in hauling himself back to safety. The other indulged in a chuckling laugh, yet he was careful not to speak loudly.

"Had one drink too many, Tom?" he asked. "That will pay yer fer finishin' the bottle an' never givin' me another sup."

"You, h—l! Yer hed the fu'st ov it. That's no sorter luck yer don't git yer fair shore of, Bill Haines—trust yer fer thet. What I ain't got straight yet is what thet stuff cum from so easy."

"That was part o' the luck, Tom. Did yer git eyes on thet new feller Manuel Estevan brought back with him in the boat?"

"The one you and Jose carried aboard?"

"He's the lad. Thar wa'n't nuthin' the matter with the cove, 'cept he was dead drunk. We was waitin' on the beach fer Estevan, an' three fellers he had taken along with him later town ter cum back—the nigger, Jose an' me—when this yere chap hove 'longside. He never hafled us, ner nuthin'; just clim over into the boat, an' lay down. I shook him, an' kicked him, but it wa'n't no use; so we just left him lie thar fer Manuel ter say whut wus ter be done with him. Only Jose he went through his pockets an' found three bottles o' rum. We took a few drinks an' hid whut was left in the boat locker."

"So thet's how yer got it! Who wus the party?"

"Thet's more'n I'll ever tell yer. I never got no sight o' him, 'cept in the dark. 'Bout all I know is he was white, an' likely a sailor. Enyhow, when Manuel got back he told us to haul the lad forrard out o' the way, an' fetch him along. So we pulled out with the feller cuddled up in the bow."

"I never seed nuthin' more of him after he was hauled aboard. What become o' the lad?"

"Him? Oh, Jose an' me carried him inter the for'casael, an' shoved him inter a berth ter sleep off his liquor. That wus the last I ever see or hear o' him fer 'bout six hours, when this yere feller must a woke up in the for'casael sum crazy. He cum a chargin' out on deck, whoopin' like an Indian, wavin' a knife in his hand. Intendin' fer ter raise h—l. Well, it happened thet the fu'st feller he run up against wus LeVere, who was cumin' forrard fer sumthin', an' fer about a minute there was one h—l ov a fight. It was so dark I couldn't tell whut did happen, but it wus finis mostly, till the mate drove the poor devil, cussin' like mad, over arsin the rail, an' then heaved him out inter the water 'longside. I heerd the feller splash when he struck, but he never let out no yell."

"What did LeVere do?"

"Him? He didn't do nuthin'. Just stared down over the rail a bit an' then cum back, rubbin' his hands. Never even asked who the feller was. That ain't nuthin' kin skeer that black brute."

"He ain't got no human in him. It's h—l when English sailormen hes got ter take orders from a d——d nigger, an' he knocked 'round if they don't jump when he barks. He's goin' ter get a knife in his ribs sum day."

"Maybe he is; but yer better hold yer noggin, Tom. Sanchez don't plan'd fer thet talk, an' he's back o' LeVere. Let's go in; them gaskets will hold all right now—cum 'long."

I could now perceive now clearly the character I was destined to assume when once safely aboard the Namur. Such an assumption would involve but slight danger of discovery. It was as though a miracle had opened the way, revealed to me by the unconscious tips of these two half-drunken, good-natured sailors. The story told fitted my necessities exactly. Had I planned the circumstances myself nothing could have been better prearranged. No one on board had seen the missing man by daylight; he was believed to have sunk without a struggle. Yet no one knew positively that this was so, because no one cared. The death of the lad had simply been taken for granted when LeVere had failed to see his body rise again to the surface. Yet it was quite within the realm of possibility for the fellow to come up once more in that darkness, beyond LeVere's range of vision, and even to have remained afloat, buoyed up by clinging to the anchor hawser, until strong enough to return on board. At least there was no one aboard the Namur able to deny that this had been done.

Satisfied by this reasoning of being able to pass myself off as the dead man, I began slowly and cautiously to drag myself up the hawser, until I had chosen a fortunate moment for my effort; no one heeded the little noise I made, and, when I finally topped the rail and was able to look inboard it was to discover a deserted fore deck, with the watch all engaged at some task amidships. I crept down the forecastle ladder and worked my way aft beneath the black shadow of the port rail, until able thus to drift unnoticed into a group tailing onto a mainsail halyard. The fellow next to me, without releasing his grip, turned his head sad stared, but without discerning my features.

"What did yer cum frum?" he growled, and I as instantly recognised Bill Haines. "Been sojerin', have yer? Well, now, lay to an' pull."

Before I could attempt an answer a tall figure loomed up before us, the same high-pitched voice I had noticed previously calling out sharply:

"There, that's enough, men! Now make fast. We can hend the old girl out from here in a jiffy, if it really begins to blow. Jose, you stand by at the wheel, in case you're needed; some of the rest ship the capstan bars, and remain near for a call."

"What are ye swingin' the yards fur, anyhow, LeVere?" asked Haines insolently. "Just fer exercise?"

"Because I am a sailor, Haines," he replied angrily. "Anyhow it is none of your business; I was left in command here. Those clouds don't look good to me; there is going to be a blow before morning."

Haines growled something and LeVere walked sharply about to go forward. This movement placed him face to face with me.

"What are you loafing here for? Who are you?"

(To be Continued.)

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E. J. POLLARD.
Editor and Proprietor

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

All local reading notices or notices pertaining to entertainments at which a fee is charged for admission, will be charged 5c. per line for insertion, if in ordinary type. In black type the prices will be 10c. per line each insertion.

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Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Creator of Famous Detective Has Done Some Detecting of Note—Was Doctor Not Detective.

When a prominent American detective said that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, father of Sherlock Holmes, could have been the greatest detective in the world, many of Doyle's readers probably agreed, but a few were skeptical.

As a matter of fact Sir Arthur has done some detecting of note. His solution of one case not only exonerated an innocent man of a crime for which he had been sent to prison, but directly brought about a highly important reform in British law.

The imprisoned man was one George Edjalji, the son of an English mother and a Parsee father, a popular Anglican rector at S affordshire. The neighborhood in which he lived had suffered severely from the depredations of some human fiend who spent his evenings in roaming over the countryside maiming and mutilating cattle. Edjalji was arrested, convicted and imprisoned. Public feeling, which had been running high, was considerably relieved, and it was not doubted that his incarceration had made the countryside safe for cattle.

But scarcely was the poor man in jail, than there came another outbreak of the same offence. Obviously, he must either have had an accomplice, or have been innocent. The problem interested Doyle, and h went to Staffordshire and quietly started to investigate.

He not only cleared Edjalji, but secured evidence that resulted in the conviction of a man named Parring ton. He didn't stop there, but began agitating. Soon a royal commission was appointed to look into the case. Edjalji was released, and the Court of Criminal Appeal was established. Up until that time, a man convicted of a criminal offence had no right in law to appeal his sentence, and even when a convicted person was subsequently proven innocen., the only way to get him out of jail was by the patently ridiculous process of pardoning him—for a crime which he had never committed.

Possibly in the last decade and a half it has been forgotten who was the real Sherlock Holmes. For there was such a person, though he was no a detective by profession at all. He was a surgeon — a great one, Dr. Joseph Bell, under whom Conan Doyle studied and to whom he was especially devoted.

One day in the presence of his class Dr. Bell said to a patient who had come in from Edinburgh Royal Infirmary for clinic treatment:

"Gentlemen, we have here a man who is either a cowcutter or a slater. If you will only use your eyes for a moment you will be able to define a slight hardening—a regular callous, gentlemen—on one side of his forefinger and a thickening on the outside of his thumb, a sure sign that he follows one occupation or the other."

Another day he said to a soldier who had come for treatment:

"You are a soldier and you are a non-commissioned officer at that. You have served in Bermuda. How do I know that, gentlemen? Because he came into the room without taking off his hat as he would go into an orderly room. He was a soldier. A slight authoritative air combined with his age, shows a non-commissioned officer. A rash on the back head tells me he was in Bermuda and subject to a certain kind of rash known only there."

It might be Sherlock Holmes speaking, and Doyle, whose sudden and spectacular literary success with that character turned him from medicine to literature, freely admits that from his old teacher's methods he derived the idea of creating the famous detective.

Minister's Partiality for Snuff.

In a certain district in the north of Scotland, about twenty years ago, there lived a Presbyterian minister who possessed a keen sense of humor and had a particular partiality for a pinch o' snuff.

One day he was visiting one of the elders of his church. Before leaving the house the minister was invited to take a pinch from the elder's snuff-box. Taking advantage of the offer, the divine helped himself to a "good-ly" pinch and applied it first to one nostril, saying, "A little here," then to the other with the remark, "A little there."

Finally, sniffing the remaining snuff vigorously with both nostrils, he exclaimed, "And a little everywhere."

HON. R. LEMIEUX

Turns From the Smoke of Parliamentary Battles to Become Historian.

"Mr. Speaker Lemieux, the historian, is lecturing before the Sorbonne in Paris." Perhaps in no other way could be summed up the gradual transformation which has removed from active political life in Canada one of the greatest of parliamentary orators and platform speakers and left in his stead a man of restrained enthusiasms, a devout student of history, an impartial, judicial-minded speaker of the House of Commons, says the Toronto Star Weekly.

There was a time when Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux would have laughed at the mere suggestion that he might one day be the Speaker of the House of Commons. That was when he was in the foremost rank of political swordsmen. The Lemieux of that day gloried in the battle. In season and out he bore aloft its fiery torch of Liberalism, encountering all foemen, great or humble, with the glad heart of one born for the rough and tumble of election campaigns and parliamentary warfare.

He won his spurs when the giants of Toryism were on the public stage. He crossed swords with Tupper and Borden; he humbled the great Bourassa when that fiery orator was at the height of his power. In the long years from 1896 till 1919, his name was a talisman in Quebec and bore a lustre of unsheer brilliance only to that of the great Laurier himself.

Lemieux of 1929 is different. One never hears now of his daily conquests in the Commons, nor is he a central figure in the election campaigns in Quebec. To-day he is Mr. Speaker, the First Commoner, far removed from the political lists in which he bore himself so gallantly.

To those who know him, this transformation is not difficult to understand. For him the great stage of politics—the ebb and flow of battle, speech and counter speech, amendment and sub-amendment—was dimmed and darkened by the eclipse and death of Laurier. For of all those who followed Laurier's "White Plume" Lemieux was the truest and, the staunchest. Yet while Laurier was a Liberal of the left — of the school of Fox and Gladstone—Lemieux was rather a descendant of the Whigs, with all the ingrained conservatism of his race. And so with the passing of Laurier the inspiration seemed to go out of his life.

Later day politics held interest for him, but not the passionate interest of the political warrior. He could not become enthused either in the battle or the issues. The horn of the old huntsmen was to other and younger hands. And somehow Lemieux was deaf to its clarion call. He heard only the faint echoes of bygone days.

It is well known that Premier King endeavored to lure him into the Cabinet of 1922. He could have named his own portfolio. But Lemieux had become a spectator, not a participant. He viewed the parliamentary bits with the eye of detachment; the political man was dead and the journalist and historian had emerged.

This fact was fully realized by his colleagues and so he was called to the post for which his long experience and new outlook best fitted him —the Speaker's Chair. Already he has been an extraordinary success as Speaker. He has ruled the commons with an impartiality that since George P. Graham passed on to the Senate, might well be the most revered and beloved man in the assembly. He listens to his every word with unflagging attention; he weighs the effects of speeches; he seeks out the most promising first speeches, Progressive or Tory—and gives encouragement and counsel.

Perhaps this later Lemieux would have declared no more than that of his former self. He is more than that of his former self. He is more than that of his former self. He is

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